Generals in Politics

The Reporter

April 1, 1952 25c

Nine G.O.P. Senate Freshmen: Will They Become Sophomores?

McCarthy of Wisconsin

Cain of Washington

Bricker of Ohio

Ecton of Montana

Watkins of Utah

Malone of Nevada

Martin of Pennsylvania

Jenner of Indiana

Kem of Missouri

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Indo-China: Ancient religious heraldry forms a backdrop for primitive culture and modern war
(see page 27)

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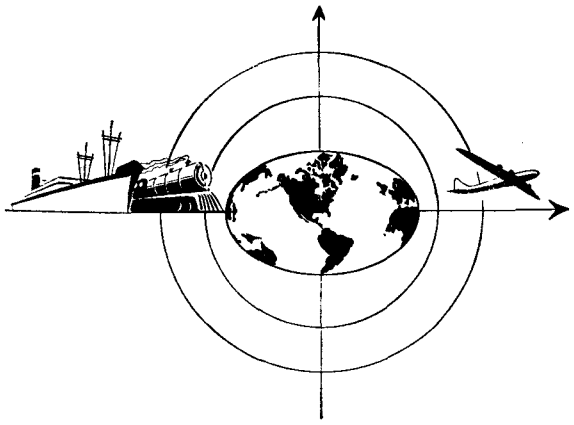

THE REPORTER'S NOTES

The Cat and the Canaries

Baffling and just plain bad news has been coming from western Europe thick and fast. Our political leaders, particularly in Congress, are getting edgy and angry. It is so hard to figure out what the fuss in Europe is all about and whether there is anything we can do about it. Senator Connally has given the French people a piece of his mind, with the same peremptory indignation he wishes he could use on his Democratic rivals back home in Texas.

THERE is no doubt that the French political situation is getting shakier by the day. The swing toward the Right seems to be irrepressible, and soon there may be a rightist Government in Paris. It wouldn't be easy to deal with such a Government, which would presumably be headed by de Gaulle, a man who still thinks of his country as it used to be—a decisive power in world affairs.

In Italy, the same trend is apparent, though the features are quite different. That stalwart democrat de Gasperi is in danger of being replaced by a right-wing leader. The men who are likely to engineer the replacement—Luigi Gedda and Father Lombardi, among others—make no pretense of being our friends or of cherishing the alliance of nations that, they say, likes to call itself "the free world." Father Lombardi is very fond of this quote device and never forgets to use it in his writing whenever he mentions that our armies fought to "liberate" Italy. Recently, from the steps of a church in Rome, Father Lombardi called for "human revenge" (*vendetta*) against those guilty of "the massacres of April, 1945," when Mussolini was executed.

In Spain, a not-yet-allied country, a Cardinal recently accused our government of Protestant imperialism. Attacks against the Reformation have become quite fashionable in Latin Europe. In Italy, Gedda's press has put the blame for so many of our contemporary evils on Luther and Calvin that the liberal newspapers have had to point out that, after all, Stalin is not a Protestant.

In England, there is trouble too, but of an entirely different nature. There, the trouble-makers are on the Left, led by that powerful demagogue Aneurin Bevan. Yet Bevan is in agreement with the right-wingers in the Latin countries on at least several points: He has little use for the Atlantic alliance, the world that calls itself free, and, last but not least, us. What he is interested in is socialism in his own country.

IN ALL these trouble spots—and this list is far from being complete—there is the same inclination to imitate the ostrich. In each case, the motivation is the same: To escape the tribulation of establishing a new international order. Bevan and Gedda each wants his nation to revert to egotistic isolation, self-centered and absorbed in what is believed to be its peculiar political or spiritual mission.

THE BIG man at the Kremlin must be watching all this with the tender smile of a cat that sees a dozen canaries coming within its reach. What a chance, he must think, what a catch! He sees all these nations becoming self-engrossed, each gradually beginning to lose its alertness to danger and its capacity to resist.

But the best is yet to come, he hopes. The same disposition to bury the head in the sand is noticeable in the most powerful and juiciest of all nations. He looks at the calendar; soon July and then November. Sometimes, when he thinks of America's isolationist leaders, he must stroke his moustache and purr.

The China Lobby

In its next two issues, *The Reporter* is going to carry a story of unusual length and, we trust, of unusual interest. It is on the China Lobby.

We have been working for months digging out the facts for this story. We have done our best, but we cannot claim to have rendered full justice to the subject. For the subject itself is so oversized and complex that it doesn't fit the usual pattern of political pressure or of corruption—or, for that matter, of lobbying.

It's a vast tentacular thing, with some tentacles visible at home and abroad, many more whose existence can only be surmised, and an extraordinarily elusive nucleus. It came into being and developed its power through an incredible combination of crookedness and idealism.

Although a faction of the Republican Party has become inextricably tied to the China Lobby, the lobbyists, like all successful political operators, have managed to get a large measure of bipartisan support. Some of these operators may be found on the lunatic fringe of the extreme Right; yet the whole thing started back in the days when all good men wanted nothing but to win the war—when Franklin Roosevelt decided to build Nationalist China into a great power.

OUR REPORT on the China Lobby is the kind of job *The Reporter* best likes to do. Here, as always, our goal has been to be thoroughly objective, and never impartial.

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CORRESPONDENCE

THE IRANIAN LOAN

To the Editor: I have read the very able article entitled "The U.S. Shapes a Middle East Policy" by Wickham Wells in the March 4 issue of *The Reporter*.

However, I noted one serious inaccuracy affecting the Export-Import Bank I think you will wish to correct. The article says:

"The next blow came when the Iranians nationalized their oil industry and gave notice that they were prepared to use their traditional bargaining power between East and West to the full.

"Only then did the United States offer a modest loan from the Export-Import Bank as a gesture toward encouraging the economic progress . . . necessary for Iran's survival. Such positive measures came late."

As a matter of fact, the sequence of events was not as stated. It was in October, 1950, months before nationalization of the oil industry by the Iranians, that the Export-Import Bank authorized a loan of $25 million to Iran for the specific purposes of carrying out a road-rehabilitation program and agricultural development.

Following this action by the Board of Directors of the Export-Import Bank, representatives of the Iranian Government came to Washington to negotiate a loan agreement with the Bank. Agreement was reached on the text of an agreement after several weeks of negotiation. However, successive Prime Ministers of Iran failed to submit the agreement to the Majlis for the necessary government approval prior to execution of the agreement until the summer of 1951, following the nationalization of the Iranian oil industry. At this time Premier Mossadegh obtained authority from the Majlis to borrow $25 million from the Export-Import Bank.

Several months again expired before any move was made by the Iranian Government to finalize the commitment. Following Premier Mossadegh's visit to the United States, negotiations were resumed. These have not yet resulted in any final decision as to methods of carrying out the agreement.

SIDNEY SHERWOOD
Secretary, Export-Import Bank
Washington

[We thank Mr. Sherwood for setting us right on an important factual error.—*The Editors*]

TITO THE ENIGMA

To the Editor: I read with interest in *The Reporter* of February 5 the editorial as well as the articles by Bogdan Raditsa and Justice William O. Douglas, all dealing with the Tito question.

It seems to me that a satisfactory analysis and judgment in the Tito case must be based on its underlying realities, which are as follows:

1. Tito is a Moscow-trained Communist who, prior to his seizure of power over the government and nations of Yugoslavia, used to be a professional international Communist agent and then, between June, 1941, and 1945, an even more "scientific" revolutionary terrorist than Lenin himself, "liquidating" people according to the predetermined Communist standards as to a man's actual or potential attitude toward Communism. Tito's closest collaborators—Kardelj, Kidric, Rankovic, Djilas, Bebler, and others—have a similar thorough and professional Communist background.

2. Since his excommunication from the international Communist movement, Tito has not challenged any of the essential elements of Marxism-Leninism.

3. For personal reasons, if not for others, Tito cannot be interested in reconciliation with Stalin. But, being still a relatively young man, Tito could speculate upon a possible compromise with whoever may turn out to become Stalin's successor.

4. As long as he is in disgrace in the Kremlin and besieged by the surrounding Soviet-satellite powers, Tito's political existence literally depends upon such assistance and protection as he can secure from the West—that is, from the United States. Without western economic assistance Tito could not possibly continue his "socialist" experimentation in Yugoslavia; and, as in the cases of other countries around the Soviet Eurasian perimeter, it is only the prevailing power of the United States that keeps Stalin from invading Yugoslavia.

5. Tito's schismatic perseverance has had some weakening influence on international Communism, although much less than wishfully expected.

It is from these fundamental realities of the Tito case that certain plausible conclusions as to the impact and potentialities of Our Belgrade Gamble can be drawn.

1. The inescapable logic of Stalin's break with Tito has forced the isolated Communist dictator in Belgrade to improvise and play his specific version of Lenin's New Economic Policy. This NEP has somehow alleviated the totalitarian burden that Tito's Communist régime has imposed upon the peoples of Yugoslavia. Tito's NEP also carries with it an actual opportunity for the West to make a certain relatively unmolested informational and cultural contact with the peoples of Yugoslavia that is piercing the monolithic system of Communist indoctrination and spiritual starvation.

2. Unfortunately, however, there is nothing in the fundamental realities of the Tito case that would warrant Justice Douglas's optimism as to a genuine, progressively widening "Wedge of Freedom" under the Tito rule, and still less Douglas's broad vision, from the narrow perspective of Tito's involuntary NEP, of "a Communist East and democratic West [working and living] together in peace." Nothing short of a moral miracle of basic conversion from Communism of the controlling Communist leadership, both in Moscow and Belgrade, could produce such desirable results. This is hardly likely to happen.

3. Barring such a happy ending of the global postwar tragedy, the enslaved nations, including those of Yugoslavia, will have to wait for their freedom, and the world for its peace, until Soviet power collapses in one way or another.

Sentimentality, like any emotional attitude, is a poor approach to political realities and problems. It surely should not be repeated toward a Communist dictator, be he Stalin or Tito, at this advanced stage of western experience with Communism.

CYRIL A. ZEBOT
Pittsburgh

OAKS AND IRONCLADS

To the Editor: May I congratulate you on the excellent and timely article by Esther M. Douty, "The Americans Who Won Russia's Heart," in your February 19 issue. I say timely because so few people realize the century-old friendship between America and Russia prior to the Revolution of 1917. Strange as it seems, Russian-American friendship began with the birth of the American republic in 1776, and died with the fall of the Russian monarchy in 1917.

When Miss Douty spoke of the oak that sprouted from an acorn taken from the tree shading the tomb of George Washington at Mount Vernon, one might add that it was brought by an American in 1842 to Russia who offered it to the Czar as a token of his admiration for the country. The oak tree not only grew into a big tree in Peterhof, but its acorns were transplanted to the famous Cheremeteff estates in Central Russia, where the descendant trees still stand to this day. I would also like to point out that when the American squadron arrived in Russia in 1866, "the eleven Russian ironclads" that met the American squadron were as a result of a Russian naval mission to the United States in 1861. Lessovsky, then only a captain, was sent in order to study the American monitors.

ALEXANDRE TARSAIDZE
New York City

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The Reporter

A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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in this issue . . .

This is the time, we think, to start taking a good, cold look at the men who are or who may soon be running things in Washington—the men we are going to elect in November for two, or four, or six years of service. It is certainly not too early to size up their understanding of our interests and the interests of the entire free world; if anything, it may be too late. In its editorial, *The Reporter* suggests a solution to America's electoral dilemma of 1952—a solution that some people may call impractical, but one, and perhaps the only one, that we think is right and can work.

Richard Cope is the pseudonym of a frequent contributor to this magazine. . . . **Willard Shelton** reports on Washington for several periodicals. . . . **Percy Knauth**, a free-lance writer, is now in Germany. . . . **Nat McKitterick** is chief of the London Bureau of McGraw-Hill World News. . . . **George Lichtheim's** latest article for this magazine, "Israel Looks to the West," appeared in the January 22 issue. . . . **Jean-Jacques Servan Schreiber** is a European correspondent for this magazine. . . . **Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.,** a historian on the faculty of Harvard University, wrote *The Age of Jackson*. . . . **Robert L. Hatch** is a free-lance film critic. . . . **Albert Parry** is Professor of Russian Civilization and Language at Colgate University. . . . Cover by **Wide World**; inside covers by **Arno** and the **Bettmann Archive.**

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Are There Such Men?

In his admirable pro-Eisenhower speech at the University of New Hampshire a few weeks ago, Paul Hoffman sounded a solemn warning: "One more disastrous defeat might well make [the Republican Party] a splinter party." Mr. Hoffman is one of those who believe that there are not enough unquestioning Republicans in the United States to elect a President—unless the independent voters come to the rescue. Senator Taft, on the contrary, proceeds on the assumption that the independent voter is a sleeping Republican.

Before the national conventions the politicians get so absorbed in their intraparty battles that they lose sight of what is likely to happen when the campaign draws to a close. As election time approached in '48, '44, and '40, many people who had toyed with the idea of voting Republican took a new, hard look at the situation. Farmers who had grown accustomed to government checks, beneficiaries of social security and of pension funds, government employees—literally millions of people felt that, after all, they could not take a chance. They shuddered at the idea that in the privacy of the booth their own hands might put the clock back.

Whenever an Administration can claim credit for what is called the welfare state, this unwillingness to take a chance crops up: Witness England, where the people had grown tired of the Labour Government and yet it took two elections and the prestige of Winston Churchill for the Conservatives to squeak back into power with a minority of the popular vote. In our country, the despair and bewilderment of the 1930's left a mark on men and women that cannot be erased by latter-day fulminations again Leftism.

In recent Presidential campaigns, the Republican candidates have shown a tendency, as soon as November got close, to talk and act with the vigorous smugness, with the icy self-assurance, that Senator Taft is exhibiting right now, at the beginning of his fight for nomination. He has chosen to be "Mr. Republican" to the *n*th degree since the start; he scoffs at the very idea that the independent vote is essential for the Republican Party. It does not take much crystal gazing to predict that, if he wins the nomination, the majority of the people once more will be unable to bring themselves to vote a Republican into the Presidency.

Yet, at the state level, the two-party system seems as robust as ever. In the last two decades the Republican Party has usually made gains in off-year Congressional elections, and once it even succeeded in winning both houses. Only one day every four years, in the one big election for the one big job, does our two-party system lapse.

Our One-Party System

Perhaps Paul Hoffman goes too far when he says that a new defeat would make the G.O.P. a splinter party. But if the G.O.P. candidate loses again, one more unwritten rule will be added to the many that govern politics in our country: Every native-born citizen has a chance to become President of the United States unless he happens to be a Republican.

The major trouble with this schizophrenic political system—a one-party monopoly at the Presidential level with thriving two-party competition at all others—is that it makes for untidy, inefficient government. The record of the Truman Administration offers the best evidence. Harry Truman certainly does not lack either political sense or willpower. Yet his Administration has been constantly harassed by reckless Congressional encroachments—encroachments that have come from both parties. The two-party system gets its revenge by becoming stormy and uncontrollable at the Congressional level, where it can still work. In the seven years of

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Harry Truman's Presidency, the Republican Party in Congress has become obstructionist to the point of anarchy, while many Southern Democrats have reacquired the old taste for rebellion.

Barring the possibility that Taft can ever be elected, a Republican President would have to deal with a Congress as unruly as the one Harry Truman is contending with. A Republican victory in the Congressional election would give Senator Bridges the chairmanship of the Armed Services Committee and Senator Wiley that of the Foreign Relations Committee. Senator McCarthy, if re-elected, would chair the Committee on Expenditures in the Executive Departments. In the House, the Committees on Appropriations, Armed Services, and Executive Expenditures would be presided over by John Taber, Dewey Short, and Clare Hoffman, respectively.

On the other hand, if the Democrats won next November, they could hardly heal their internal rifts and bring about the long-overdue housecleaning. Nor would they break the seniority rule of committee chairmanships and unseat Senator McCarran. Moreover, it wouldn't exactly be healthy to harden into a tradition the principle that only an anti-Republican can become President—even if the anti-Republican is as outstanding a man as Governor Stevenson

The Worried Independents

This situation can only be remedied by the independent voters, who, with all due respect to Senator Taft, are not only numerous but powerful, as recent elections in New York City and elsewhere have proved. By definition the independent is not organized and does not know what the next independent is going to do. Yet by no stretch of the imagination is the independent necessarily indifferent to politics. He just doesn't find himself at home in either of the two existing political parties. But recent experience has proved that large blocs of independents can get together and wield the balance of power in an election.

SOME of our most awesome rendezvous with history are scheduled to take place during the next Presidential term. By early '53 we are supposed to be over the hump of our military spending, and already there are people who pretend to see the signs of our next economic slump. Some time between '53 and '56 we are supposed to reach the "situation of strength" that will allow us to settle on a basis—so we hope—of peace the problem of our relations with Soviet Russia. The next Presidential term will not end until January 20, 1957, and 1957 sounds as remote and inscrutable as eternity.

The leading campaigners in both parties are most considerate in not even mentioning all the rendezvous with destiny that are waiting for us. Rather, as always, they talk of creeping socialism and economic royalists, of Harding's Presidency and coddling Communism. Yet it is certain as anything can be that our next Chief Executive will have to make some of the most fateful decisions—perhaps the most fateful—of our national history.

THESE ARE perhaps our most fateful elections. We are caught right now, at this stage of the campaign, in an extraordinarily hard dilemma. A strong two-party system is essential to the working of our democracy, yet neither of the two parties, for different reasons, is in condition to give the country the vigorous government it needs.

There seems to be only one solution to this dilemma, and not much time left. The independent voters can play a decisive role not by acting piecemeal, each one by himself, but by organizing as independents in the largest number of states. This they can do without any idea of replacing the existing parties but rather by acting on them, by coming to terms with them, by exerting an influence on the selection and the election of candidates. Only this way, by supporting the best available men no matter what their party, can the independents see to it that in the next Congress bipartisan unruliness may be replaced by bipartisan coalition on all problems concerning the military and political safety of the nation.

This is not the time for setting up third parties, with the traditional combination of virtuous or "liberal" forces. But it is not the time for routine politics either. We need an emergency program reached through thorough public debates on the issues that are ahead of us in the four years to come; and this program, to be really effective, needs to be embodied in a man. The best man, we think, is still Eisenhower, if he is given a margin of freedom from his own party. The decision lies with the independent voters, provided they make organized, effective use of their independence.

To do this, they need the assistance of leaders, at the state and at the national level—men who have in equal degree moral courage and political skill.

Are there such men?

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Bridges of New Hampshire: A Cagey Senator

RICHARD COPE

THE CAREER of Styles Bridges of New Hampshire, who now heads the Republican minority in the U.S. Senate, is a case study in how a legislator can respectably avoid pinning himself down one way or another. It is not surprising that in a year in which Senatorial Republicans are sharply divided over the merits of various Presidential contenders, Bridges became their leader through the simple expedient of refusing to say which aspirant he would like to see run.

Bridges's rise to Senatorial prominence began fourteen years ago with a typically ambiguous incident involving a jackass. When the man who is now the senior Republican in the Senate came to that body in January, 1937, there were exactly sixteen members of the G.O.P. in the upper house.

As one of the very few Republicans not overwhelmed by the Roosevelt landslide, Bridges was marked upon arrival with a certain automatic prominence; but the novelty value soon wore off, and he rapidly perceived that some other means must be found to retain his hold upon the headlines. The Senator from New Hampshire found his gimmick. It was a time when the press of the country was on the alert for anything, no matter how trivial, which might cast reflection upon the New Deal. Styles Bridges offered the journalists a jackass.

The Golden Jackass

The episode had its origin in a legitimate issue. There was some suspicion that there had been waste and extravagance in the operation of the Tennessee Valley Authority. It was a safe assumption, since it was a period when the old aphorism that it is necessary to break eggs to make an omelet was expanded to a tolerance of approximately three dozen eggs to every omelet. The TVA as such, however, was unassailable, since it was obviously transforming the upper South, and since it was obviously one of the major achievements of the current or any other Administration. Bridges got nowhere until March 9, 1938.

"Let me tell this little story," he told his fellow Senators on that historic day. "TVA needed a jackass—something to model after, perhaps—so they appointed a committee of TVA agricultural experts to look for a jackass. They wanted a perfect jackass. They journeyed over the various neighboring states, and, according to a statement appearing in the proceedings of the House of Representatives in the Congressional Record, they spent a total of $2,080 on travel expenses scouring the bluegrass of Kentucky, Missouri, and Tennessee. They finally found the ideal jackass right in the next county at Columbia, Tennessee. Then they paid one of the highest prices for jackasses that I ever heard of—$2,500. I am not an expert on jackasses, as are some other men, but the price for this one appears pretty high.

"Came the spring, the season of daffodils and young love. Romance blossomed on the broad meadows of the Tennessee Valley. But TVA's $4,580 jackass just was not interested and did not perform his normal function. There were conferences and consultations. The experts foregathered, shook their heads, and decided to sell the jackass. They got $300 for him from one J. B. Waters in Sevier County, Tennessee, a net loss to TVA of $4,280."

In the press, "the TVA's jackass" became the sensation of the hour. After a week of this, the Democrats gathered themselves together and replied. Kenneth McKellar of Tennessee (with whom Bridges, as ranking Republican on the Appropriations Committee, was eventually to achieve a most harmonious working relationship when McKellar became chairman) advised the Senate that he had discovered that the TVA had purchased the jackass in question not for $2,500 but for $300, and had sold it to J. B. Waters not for $300 but for $350.

"Instead of the TVA losing $4,580 on the jackass," he said, "it made $50 on the jackass. I am just wondering if all the other statements of the Senator are of a similar nature." This was greeted by [Laughter], but presently the conversation took a more serious turn, and the Senator from New Hampshire, at the insistence of Senator William Smathers of New Jersey, was forced to put up or shut up about his $4,500 jackass.

"I took my facts from the Congressional Record in June, 1937," he explained lamely, "where they stood without challenge for nearly a year . . . I refer the Senator to the Congressional Record in June, 1937—I have forgotten the date—when this TVA story first appeared, it has never been answered from that day to this."

"Does the Senator still assert that the TVA lost $4,280 by the jackass transaction?" McKellar asked.

"The Senator from New Hampshire still asserts that so far as he knows, based wholly upon the story in the Congressional Record at that time—which I assume to be accurate—that was the cost," Bridges replied. "So far as the Senator from New Hampshire is concerned," he added spitefully, "he is not at all impressed by the telegrams read by the Senator from Tennessee, because, for all I know, there may be many jackasses connected with the TVA."

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There, without any more [Laughter], the exchange ended. The Democrats had won the argument on the Senate floor, but Bridges had won the argument in the newspapers. For years afterward, the ghost of the jackass kept haunting each new inquiry into the controversial agency.

In such minutiae, far more than in major actions, the character of a man in public life can often be accurately assessed. Bridges's assertions, allegations, charges, insinuations, and half-truths have usually been equipped with built-in escape hatches in case of challenge. He learns (August, 1948) that a government-employed cook once prepared some meals for Federal Security Administrator Oscar Ewing, draws from it the damaging implication that thousands upon thousands of government workers are being employed to suit the convenience of high officials; he discovers (March, 1949) a government publication on the "Habits, Food and Economic Status of the Band-Tailed Pigeon," launches from it into an attack upon "Uncle Sam's Book of the Minute Club, Unlimited," then backtracks hastily to emphasize that he is not criticizing such publications as "Infant Care," which he, in common with all other members of Congress, distributes broadside. In matters more serious, he has information, source undisclosed and nature hazy, that the State Department and Britain are conspiring to bring Red China into the United Nations (October, 1950); that heavy losses in Korea are having no effect upon the Chinese (May, 1951); that the American atomic tests in Nevada "had a very salutary effect upon Russia" (February, 1951).

Both the technique and the state of mind behind it were perhaps best defined in January, 1949, when he used a statement by E. G. Acheson, then professor of foreign relations at George Washington University in the capital, as a club with which to beat the educator's much-beaten brother, Secretary of State Dean Acheson. The professor had remarked that in a few months the United States would have to write off Nationalist China as "a 100 per cent loss," and probably do the same for Greece. This furnished the Senator from New Hampshire with the text for a savage commentary on the Acheson family which finally prompted Foreign Relations Chairman Tom Connally to protest that he was actually attacking the Secretary through his brother. Bridges said it was no attack.

"I assert most things as facts," Bridges informed him, "but I believe a good many things I do not know to be facts, but of which I may have a reasonably accurate knowledge."

"No, it was no attack at all," Connally replied bitterly. "It was merely kicking him in the ribs, punching him in the nose, and pummeling him. . . . It was not an attack like that of a witness who must produce facts . . ."

Liberal Education

Henry Styles Bridges (the Henry dropped by the wayside early in his Senatorial career) was born in West Pembroke, Maine, on September 9, 1898, son of Earl Leopold Bridges, a storekeeper and farmer. Henry was nine when his father died, and from that point on he recalls that he "worked the farm and met the responsibilities of manhood through my youth." It was not an easy life (his mother taught school for $6 a week; together they raised Henry's younger brother and sister), and he did not really leave poverty behind until he was graduated from the University of Maine in 1918, after working in the university dairy barns for fifteen cents an hour. He majored in agriculture, and upon leaving school started on a series of jobs which took him over much of New England and gave him a wide acquaintance among the region's rural population. In turn he was instructor in agriculture at Sanderson Academy, Ashfield, Massachusetts; U.S. Department of Agricul-

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ture agent for Hancock County, Maine; member of the University of New Hampshire agricultural extension staff; executive secretary of the New Hampshire State Farm Bureau Federation; and secretary-treasurer of the Farm Bureau Mutual Automobile Insurance Company. He edited the rural *Granite Monthly* from 1924 to 1926, and was director-secretary of the New Hampshire Investment Company from 1924 to 1929.

In 1930 the time had obviously come for Bridges to move directly into public life, and ironically it was the man who now is his pet hate who gave him the hand-up—Charles W. Tobey, then governor of New Hampshire, now Bridges's fellow Senator. Tobey appointed him to the New Hampshire Public Service Commission. In 1950, Bridges was to repay this generosity by backing his administrative assistant, Wesley Powell, in a vicious campaign which almost cost Tobey his Senate seat. At the time, however, all was harmony in the upper levels of the state G.O.P., and in 1934, after Tobey had gone to the House of Representatives, Bridges became governor. There began the era in his life that was to surround him with an aura of liberalism that lingered until the postwar years.

When Governor Bridges took office early in 1935, the times were not propitious for conservatism; nor, indeed, were Bridges's own history and background conducive to it. His natural sympathies coincided with his political advantage; for a time he became a flaming New Deal Republican. "They always spoke of me as a radical or a liberal in my own state," he once remarked wistfully, years later. "In Washington they call me a conservative." They were right in both places.

Bridges directed a legislative program which, in two years' time, placed on the books state unemployment compensation and insurance, old-age benefits, and increased mothers'-aid grants. He secured passage of a new Agricultural Standards Act and supervised the creation of a new state Planning and Development Board. He brought his state under the Federal Social Security program. It was the first in the nation to become eligible.

Living Down 'Radicalism'

For all these activities, there could only be one logical reward: further and higher public office. A Senate seat was available in 1936, and although Roosevelt carried the state, Styles Bridges went to Washington. His two years of being "a radical or a liberal" had paid off.

In the Senate, however, Bridges found that the desperate need of the G.O.P. was not more liberals but more conservatives. He obliged. With very few exceptions he began to drift with the main tide of Republicanism, needling this Federal agency and that, skipping about lightly over the surface of affairs, becoming a sort of opportunistic water bug on the New Deal sea.

Very early in the game, the suspicion arose among his colleagues that he was in some way connected with, or obligated to, the great utility companies, and the record is full of bitter Senatorial exchanges on the subject. On June 28, 1939, the Senate voted to use relief money for various public projects, among them the building of power plants. Although there was a perfectly valid objection to be made against this on the ground of principle and legality, Bridges's vehemence was so excessive as to cause considerable comment.

"I want to go on record . . . ," he cried bitterly before the vote which went against him, "as being one Member of the . . . Senate who is not in favor of building with public funds any type of plants, mills, or factories to compete with private industry."

The late Senator George Norris of Nebraska said that Bridges "has not only gone on record as one Member of the Senate who is trying to save the nation, but he has gone on record as the one Member outstanding in the Senate of the United States who does just exactly what the Power Trust of America wants done."

A year later, Bridges was, as they say, "prominently mentioned" for the Republican Presidential nomination. "I guess I am really a middle-of-the-roader," he analyzed himself then, but to the *Yale Review,* surveying the Republican field, he stood for "conscious, unashamed conservatism."

Whatever he stood for was not enough to persuade the convention. Wendell Willkie triumphed, and again the power issue arose. Bridges defended the nominee vigorously against the charge that he was owned by the Power Trust, and went on to become one of the few major Republicans to give Willkie really forceful support. Four years later, the G.O.P.'s sole flirtation with progressive thought in the Roosevelt era firmly stifled, the Bridges organization in New Hampshire successfully blocked Willkie's attempt to win the state delegation again.

A Vacillating Vandenberg

From that point on there has never been any question of where Bridges stands on domestic matters. He has gone down the line for the party, perhaps in the hope that the party would do the same for him when President-time rolled around again. That it never did so was attributable in part to his personality, which has never brought him many close or enthusiastic friends, and in part to the one phase of his public career that did not fit neatly into the pattern of solid Republicanism he de-

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signed for himself after bidding farewell to the days when he was a liberal in New Hampshire. Styles Bridges early climbed aboard the Roosevelt band wagon in the field of foreign affairs, and there he remained until the Second World War was well under way. Because Bridges's favor was given in his usual in-again, out-again manner, however, it served to destroy his support among the Old Guard but did not build up the sort of compensating strength among other elements that went to his colleague from Michigan, the late Arthur H. Vandenberg.

Bridges voted for Selective Service in the days when that necessary preparedness measure hung by a thread in Congress. He supported Lend-Lease. Later he helped lead the fight to repeal the Neutrality Act. His basic feelings on the whole subject had been expressed in a speech in Chicago on May 18, 1939, when he urged, "Let us mind our own business!" But since the United States was obviously not going to be permitted to mind its own business, Bridges sensibly backed the measures that prepared the nation to defend itself.

As the war went on, Bridges began reverting to a more partisan role. His special capacity for arousing deep and sinister suspicions was presently let loose upon the President. Capitol Hill reporters could always go to the Senator for the latest gossip about Roosevelt, his family, his Administration, his policy. Some of it was mild in nature; more of it was downright vicious. No one who covered the Hill in those days can forget the sly look, the knowing smile, the sort of evil gaiety with which he peddled the latest inside dirt. No one ever knew exactly what Bridges's motive was, unless it was simple jealousy, but he began shying away from the Administration and returned to safer Republican ground.

Throughout the gestation period of the United Nations Charter, Bridges voiced various dire premonitions. The proposed Charter, he told the Senate on July 28, 1945, was basically undemocratic because it set up zones of influence.

"In the Charter," he said, "we have an instrument for arresting acts of war by countries which lack the power for making war." By then, of course, his admonitions had become academic because everybody knew the Charter wouldn't be changed, and everybody knew the Senate would ratify it. It did so that fall, with Bridges's vote. He was by no means alone in his deep doubts and forebodings, but as usual when the chips were down he did what was politically safe.

In 1946 he decided to attack the pending British loan and attempted to do so with a typical trick shot into the side pocket: The secrecy with which the loan was being negotiated, he warned, might indicate that similar negotiations might be under way "looking to a line of credit for Soviet Russia." The fact that they were not, and that he undoubtedly knew they were not, did not deter him, any more than his statements halted the British loan. And, of course, he voted for the loan.

Hemming and Hawing

In January, 1948, as chairman of the Appropriations Committee during the Republican Eightieth Congress, he caused a great uproar by charging that the President had sent Congress a "phony budget" for European recovery. Truman, Bridges declared darkly, planned to spend $2.3 billion less for European aid than the $6.8 billion he had requested. This was an international sensation for a while; both Europe and the White House wondered nervously what would be left when the great economizer from New Hampshire got through. When the bill came out of Bridges's committee it restored all the cuts made by the House and increased a number of them, and in that form, with the blessing of the chairman, it went on to the White House.

Like nearly all of his fellow Republicans, the Senator from New Hampshire spent the late-war and immediate postwar years crying out day and night for firm action against the Soviet Union. Like them he regarded the outbreak of the Korean War as a turning point, and on June 26, 1950, he told the Senate sternly: "In my judgment, the time is here for us to draw the line." Like nearly all of his fellow Republicans, he hailed the President's action, and like them he has spent the weary months since in damning it.

This has been the orthodox Republican pattern with regard to the conflict, and the man who now leads the Senate minority has pursued it with faithful diligence. Yet even here he has given it his own special twist. He launched the well-publicized drive to "get" Secretary Acheson—and then withdrew after one speech and let others carry the ball. He introduced a resolution demanding the recall of Ambassador Philip C. Jessup —after getting more than thirty of his colleagues to add their names to his in backing it. He has contrived to spread the impression that he supports Senator Joseph McCarthy—but he has carefully refrained from saying much about it. "Let's you and him fight" still seems to be one of his guiding principles.

Today, as he sits in the front seat, center aisle, behind the desk Daniel Webster used, the senior Senator from New Hampshire is still the lone wolf he has always been. He is Minority Leader because at the time one had to be chosen last January he had not indicated his preference for a Republican Presidential candidate, and because he is, after all, the senior Republican in the Senate. He is one who goes back to

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those grim, lean days under Roosevelt; and the fact that he goes back even further, to a time when he actually showed a liberalism not inconsonant with Roosevelt's, is by now hardly ever mentioned. But it is not altogether forgotten.

Even today, men recall that Styles Bridges was once "a liberal or a radical." Even today they wonder whether, if his liberalism was sincere then, his conservatism is sincere now. Or conversely, if his conservatism is sincere now, was his liberalism sincere then?

The Specter of John L. Lewis

In 1949, Bridges emerged from the most serious personal attack he has undergone to date, as usual bearing no visible scars, but with internal political injuries from which he may find it hard to recover. His attacker was Senator Glen Taylor of Idaho, whose affinity for windmills even more redoubtable than Bridges later caused him to be retired by his constituents.

When the United Mine Workers' pension fund was established in 1948, Bridges, due to some odd alchemy exercised by John L. Lewis and the then House Speaker Joe Martin of Massachusetts, became one of its three trustees, the other two being Lewis for the miners and Ezra Van Horn for the mine owners. For a time this arrangement perked quietly along. It satisfied Lewis because, as Taylor subsequently disclosed when he got to snooping around, in twenty-nine disagreements during Bridges's sixteen-month tenure in the job, "Trustee Bridges did not side with Trustee Van Horn in a single case." Bridges received $35,000 a year for these services. When the matter was uncovered, his course of action was characteristic.

Taylor, he charged angrily, was making "scurrilous attacks to cause political embarrassment to me." His $35,000 a year, he said, was largely used to pay secretarial, legal, and actuarial expenses in connection with the pension fund. Taylor promptly requested the Senate Banking and Currency Committee, of which he was a member, to secure the minutes of the trustees' meetings. These records disclosed that all such expenses were taken out of the fund itself, none of them out of the salaries of the trustees.

A couple of weeks later, Bridges announced he would resign as soon as the fund's yearly report was complete, and he did so on April 5, 1950. The matter thereupon dropped out of the headlines, and since he had been re-elected in 1948 and will not come up again until 1954, it has so far had no appreciable effect upon his political career. In the general assessment of his character and integrity, however, it has had considerable weight.

Nine G.O.P. Senate Freshmen

WILLARD SHELTON

THE REPUBLICAN SENATORS collectively referred to as the Class of 1946 may be considered, with some justification, as political accidents. They won office in the "meat-shortage" election, when the citizens were crotchety, confused, and disgruntled, and celebrated the occasion by staying home in large numbers. But even at that time the national mood was beginning to shift again. More than one leading Republican arriving back in Washington in January, 1947, frankly confessed that the Democrats had begun to gain ground, and that if the election had been held a little later the G.O.P. might never have won control.

Now the Republican Senatorial class of 1946 faces its fight for re-election; the first terms of its members are nearly concluded, and they have another date with the voters.

There are thirteen Republican members of the Class of 1946—Senators who were first elected in that year. (William E. Jenner of Indiana had served by appointment for two months —November, 1944, to January, 1945.) Four members of the class—Irving M. Ives of New York, Edward J. Thye of Minnesota, John J. Williams of Delaware, and Ralph E. Flanders of Vermont—would be rated by most Capitol observers as men of good will and competent legislators. At least two of these men will, in fact, be vigorously opposed by organized labor, but they are not regarded in the same way as the other nine.

The Nine

The remaining nine are notorious as among the most extreme and the most isolationist the Republican Party has had in a generation.

They are John W. Bricker of Ohio, Harry P. Cain of Washington, Joseph R. McCarthy of Wisconsin, Jenner of Indiana, George W. Malone of Nevada, Zales N. Ecton of Montana. James P. Kem of Missouri, Edward Martin of Pennsylvania, and Arthur V. Watkins of Utah. Statistically and otherwise, it can readily be shown that this group represents the extremist wing of the Republican Party, the most

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Wide World

Three other G.O.P. freshmen—Thye of Minnesota, Williams of Delaware, Ives of New York

violent haters of everything in the New and Fair Deals that the voters have endorsed in five successive Presidential elections.

In 1950, for example, there were eleven important Senate roll calls on public power, social security, labor and civil-rights proposals, and other domestic issues on which unions and organized liberal groups took a strong stand. The nine, as a group, gave a total of only 14 votes in support of positions endorsed by the liberal-labor lobbyists and cast a total of 80 votes against them—a hostile ratio of nearly six to one. All other Republicans in the Senate—thirty-three of them—opposed the measures by a total vote of 230 to 96—a hostile ratio of approximately only two and a half to one.

In 1951 there were nine important Senate roll calls on domestic issues involving public health, housing, tax policy, price controls, and airline subsidies. The nine, as a group, voted 57 to 7 against the recommendations of the liberal-labor spokesmen—a hostile ratio of eight to one. All other Senate Republicans voted against them by a 240 to 72 count—a hostile ratio of approximately three to one.

Take foreign policy as a test. Between 1947 and 1950, inclusive, the Senate voted on thirteen key measures leading up to and supporting the Atlantic pact. The votes of the nine were cast 59 to 52 in favor of these measures—hardly an overwhelming majority. Among all other Republican members of the Senate the votes were 285 to 86—a majority of nearly three and a half to one.

There were also votes on seventeen "crippling amendments" to the thirteen key foreign-policy measures. It is a common trick, of course, for opponents of bills first to vote in favor of crippling amendments and then, if beaten, to vote for the substantive legislation on final passage. In 1950 the nine had a total score of 107 votes in favor of crippling amendments and 45 against them—a hostile ratio of almost two and a half to one. All other Republicans in the Senate had a total score of 322 to 166 *against* the amendments—approximately a two-to-one ratio in reverse. The isolationist leanings of the nine are clearly more pronounced than those of Republican Senators generally.

Sliding Down the Poll

Another standard of measurement is available—a January, 1952, poll of 180 political scientists listed as "legislative specialists" by the American Political Science Association. The poll rated ninety-five members of the Senate (Wherry of Nebraska was dead and his successor had made no legislative record) for legislative ability, intellectual ability, and personal integrity as well as attitude toward domestic and foreign-policy issues. Every member of the nine was rated in the lower half of the Senate. All but one were in the lowest one-fourth.

The ratings by the political scientists revealed no substantial party bias. The ten Senators ranked highest included five Democrats and five Republicans, and the Republican delegation from Massachusetts (Leverett Saltonstall and Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr.) was rated the ablest from a single state. A Senator's "liberalism" or "conservatism" was not decisive: Williams of Delaware, for example, voted against eight of the thirteen key foreign-policy measures yet was ranked No. 32 by the political scientists. Apparently they gave him high marks for legislative ability and integrity; he has been diligent in exposing corruption and active in opposing small loopholes in the tax laws—from which he could benefit personally.

The highest ranking for a member

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of the nine was Edward Martin's No. 53. Four were in the bottom five, five in the bottom ten, seven in the bottom fifteen, eight in the bottom twenty-one. McCarthy of Wisconsin was low man, rating No. 95. Jenner was No. 94, Malone No. 92, Cain No. 91, Bricker No. 86, Kem No. 83, Watkins No. 81, Ecton No. 75.

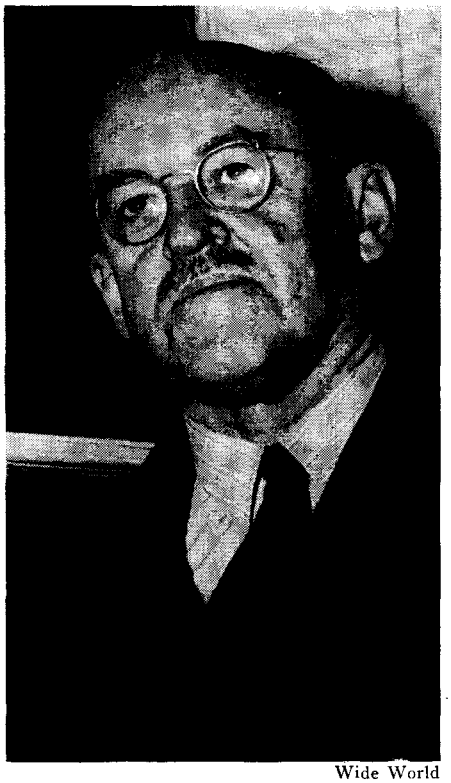
What Happened?

Let us reconstruct the national mood of 1946, the year in which the nine were nominated and elected—and when the refusal of millions of people to vote gave this particular brand of Republican its triumph. It was a year when strikes reverberated through our industrial life, when troops clamored to get out of uniform, when Truman and Congress wrangled over price controls, and when the Pearl Harbor inquiry was conducted.

The industrial strife of 1946 exceeded in scope anything previously seen in our history. Automotive, steel, electrical, mining, and other union workers quit their jobs to enforce demands for wage increases and to vent their irritation over the bottled-up grievances of wartime years.

The President, still telling casual visitors in his office that he had "never wanted the job," was so plagued by industrial conflict that when the rail unions struck in May he went before Congress to demand the most drastic anti-strike law ever presented by a Chief Executive—a law to draft rail strikers into the armed forces. A. F. Whitney, president of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, called off the strike but angrily pledged to use large sums from the union's treasury for revenge on Mr. Truman. The draft-the-strikers bill was blocked in the Senate with the help of, of all people, Senator Taft. It was not until the State of the Union message the following January, after the Republicans had won power in Congress, that Mr. Truman began the series of proposals on labor legislation that eventually regained him the 1948 support of even Whitney.

In a last-ditch effort to assert leadership against inflation, Mr. Truman in June, 1946, vetoed a "stopgap" price-controls bill to replace the expiring one. The President appealed to the people for support in getting a stronger bill, but the people were even more confused and morose collectively than



Wide World

Ralph E. Flanders, Vermont: not one of 'The Nine'

they were individually, and Congress got no clear signal. The legislators punished Truman by refusing to pass a new bill for four weeks, and during this period of no controls, wholesale prices skyrocketed ten per cent. The gold rush was on. Never again was there an effective rollback of prices, but rather there began a swift erosion of remaining controls as entrepreneurs fought to rid themselves, once and for all, of the hated regimentation.

Meat was the principal issue, and the supply of meat grew shorter as prices climbed higher and stock raisers and feeders sat back and waited for the last dams to wash away. In September Representative John W. McCormack of Massachusetts, the Democratic House floor leader, publicly begged the President for a moratorium on meat-price controls for sixty days—and jeering Republicans pointed out that this would barely get the Administration by the election. In the same month the jittery Democratic National Committee passed a resolution imploring its chairman, the late Robert E. Hannegan, to intervene with the Administration to get the people "more meat." Next day the committee reversed itself, on the pretext that Truman's explanation of the matter to a private meeting of the Cabinet had made everything clear, but on the same day the OPA canceled a rollback order on the prices of meat dishes in restaurants. On October 14 the President finally surrendered and made a radio speech blaming "a few" members of Congress and a "few selfish men" for encouraging speculators. Republicans crowed that Truman had quit only because he feared the Democrats would lose the election.

Internal Dissension

The Administration was riven with internal strife, and little that happened gave people confidence in Mr. Truman. The late Harold L. Ickes quit the Cabinet after blocking confirmation of Truman's appointee, Edwin Pauley, as Under Secretary of the Navy, and those who had loved the fierce Old Curmudgeon grieved about the leadership that would sacrifice Ickes to give a political reward to a money-raising oil promoter. Henry Wallace made his famous Madison Square Garden speech on relations with Russia, and Truman's foreign-policy fat was in the fire too. The President at first confirmed Wallace's statement that he had approved the speech in advance, then was compelled by protests from Secretary of State James F. Byrnes to tell Wallace to stop making speeches on foreign policy, and finally was forced to fire Wallace after a teletype conference with Byrnes. The impression spread that the President either had shown himself incapable of understanding what Wallace intended to say in Madison Square Garden or did not comprehend the delicacy of Byrnes's position in negotiations in Europe. Henry Morgenthau, Jr., Roosevelt's Secretary of the Treasury, denounced Truman's draft-the-strikers bill. As late as October, Fiorello La Guardia charged that Truman had "abandoned his team and joined the opposition."

The armed forces disintegrated even as Congress undertook its first great political post-mortem into the causes of the war, and angry isolationists—forced to button their lips during the conflict—tried to prove in the Pearl Harbor inquiry that President Roosevelt and Secretary Hull had deliberately "trapped Japan into firing the first shot" and let our ships be sunk so as

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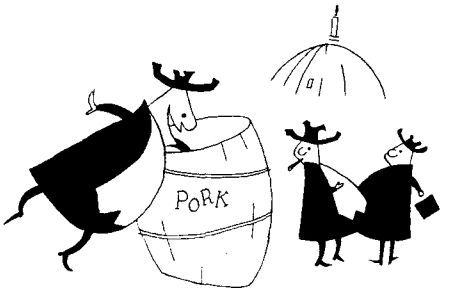


to force us into war. In January General Eisenhower rejected the clamor of soldiers' wives for the release of their husbands from the service, having warned that we would "run out of Army." But in October—just before the election—the Army finally agreed that it would stop drafting new selectees until the end of the year and would try to release everyone drafted as late as 1945.

President Truman's prestige steadily plummeted. In May, a *Fortune* survey reported a thirty per cent drop in his popularity since January. On October 16 the Gallup Poll reported that fifty-four per cent of the people definitely disapproved of the way the President was handling his job, and that only a scant thirty-two per cent approved.

That was the low point. By the following January the percentage approving the President's leadership had crept up to thirty-five; in February it was forty-eight per cent; in April it was sixty per cent. But the election had been irretrievably lost by the Democrats in the previous November.

The Mass Abstention

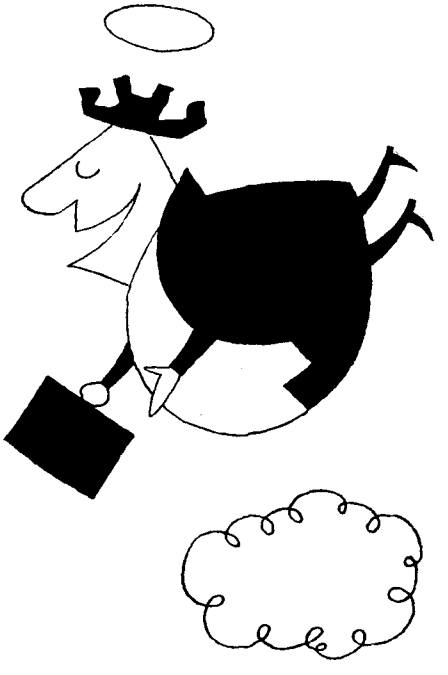
There is one remaining key to the election of 1946—the people's refusal, in almost unprecedented numbers, to go to the polls.

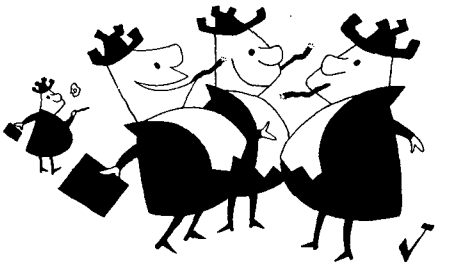
No one pretends to know exactly why people sometimes decline to vote, but it is at least a well-established theory that a small vote means that people inclined toward the Democrats prefer to stay home. Louis H. Bean, the election forecaster and analyst, thinks that many people refuse to vote when they are confused and befuddled by a clamor of tongues. He believes that the multiplicity of party candidates in 1948—Dixiecrats and Progressives as well as Republicans and Democrats—helped reduce the Presidential vote below estimates.

The vote cast in the 1946 Congressional election was extraordinarily low; only 34,410,000 voters bothered to go to the polls. That was more than in the 1942 mid-term election, when people were distracted by war and millions were entering the services, but it was nearly two million votes short of the ballots cast in 1938, despite an increase in population. It was only a little larger than the mid-term vote of 1934.

If one applies the Bean theory—that the size of the vote is sometimes reduced by confusion—the small vote in the "meat-shortage" election of 1946 makes some sense. Bean believes that the Presidential vote in 1948 was smaller than estimated in advance partly because many people in the South could not bring themselves to vote against the Democrats but would not vote for Truman and so stayed home; that many Northern voters were sentimentally for Wallace but could not vote for him when the practical effect might be merely to install the Republicans. Many of the millions who refused to vote in the Congressional elections of 1946 may have been people who, at the moment, were disheartened about Truman but had no desire whatever to cast ballots for the Republicans. By staying at home they helped saddle the country with the G.O.P. Class of 1946—but they did not know in advance, of course, what that class would be.

In 1950, when things seemed somewhat less confused, the total Congressional vote jumped from the 34,410,000 of 1946 to 40,351,862, and the Democrats picked up roughly four million of the "additional" votes, whereas the Republicans gained only about a million.





Liability or Asset?

There is little sign that Republican professionals comprehend the possible handicap the G.O.P. accepts in carrying the nine into the November elections. Governor Walter J. Kohler, Jr., of Wisconsin burned to get into the Republican Senatorial primary against McCarthy, but was talked out of it both because McCarthy threatened, if beaten, to run in November as an independent and because Thomas E. Coleman, Wisconsin industrialist and Republican financial angel, wanted no primary fight to interfere with his supreme project of delivering the state's Republican convention delegates to Senator Taft. So the names of all of the nine will almost certainly again be on ballots in November as Republican nominees for return to the Senate.

And what is the mood of the people this year? Few would care to hazard a prediction, but it is worth observing that some commentators have begun to talk about the "contradiction" involved if Eisenhower should be the nominee and have to run with McCarthy in Wisconsin, Jenner in Indiana, Cain in Washington, and Malone in Nevada. Others are noting that Senator Taft is growing warmer in his endorsements of McCarthy and are inclined to dislike it. Taft, incidentally, was ranked only No. 24 in the list of Senators in the poll of political scientists—a place far lower than he would ever have earned before. His integrity was questioned by a substantial number, partly on the ground of his relations with McCarthy. For better or for worse, the Republican Party is stuck with the members of its Class of 1946, and most particularly with the nine.

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The Fallacies In 'Offshore Purchasing'

DOUGLASS CATER

ONE AFTERNOON late in February, a flurry of telegrams went out to Washington newspapermen announcing a forthcoming policy statement by the U.S. Council of the International Chamber of Commerce. The statement was entitled "New Pattern for Aid to Europe" and was the first of what will undoubtedly be a long series of official and unofficial pronouncements attempting to influence Congressional debate on next year's Mutual Security Program. The International Chamber's broadside was significant mainly because of the way it exemplified what has been described as "America's neurotic reluctance to look the foreign-aid problem square in the face."

The "New Pattern" proposed by the United States Council was quite simple: Future American aid to most of western Europe should be confined to military assistance, with only secondary attention to its economic effects. It should take two forms: military equipment and supplies produced in the United States and Lend-Lease to North Atlantic Treaty Organization countries; and goods and services produced by NATO countries for use by NATO forces under contract with the United States—to be paid for with dollars.

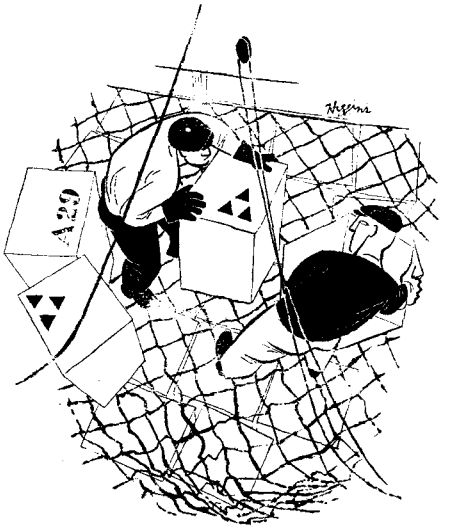
Actually, the Chamber's "New Pattern" serves as a fancy disguise for two well-known types of foreign aid: Lend-Lease, the spectacular Rooseveltian innovation of the Second World War; and offshore procurement, a device used in various ways during the war and in the early stages of the Marshall Plan.

After all, there are only a limited number of ways by which one nation can help out another. But the constant and confusing quest for new patterns of aid can very well lead the Mutual Security Program into serious trouble.

The problem goes back to the early days of the Marshall Plan, when its more zealous proponents oversold Congress—both on what it would accomplish and how long it would take. Last year, with ECA's allotted four-year span drawing to a close, its officials seemed more anxious to defend their past accomplishments than to assess Europe's future needs properly. Hence they never made it clear to Congress whether the economic aid they were requesting was to be a final allotment under the Marshall Plan or an opening installment of a new and integrated Mutual Security Program. Congress resolved the matter by cutting economic aid drastically and ordering the Economic Cooperation Administration to reorganize itself under a new name.

Defense Support

This spring, under Averell Harriman's command, the Mutual Security Program will pass in review before Congress in much better order. Administration leaders will be able to point to the program's greater degree of "mutuality," as evidenced by European soldiers under General Eisenhower's command, stepped-up European defense production, lengthened conscription periods, and so on. Furthermore, the military targets recommended by the Temporary Council Committee of NATO and accepted at its February meeting in Lisbon will provide Congress with basic data to calculate the military requirements.



As a result, there is every likelihood that Congress will buy a major part of the $5.3 billion program for military aid. The $1.8 billion request for assistance to Europe in the form of raw materials, commodities, machinery, and technical assistance promises to be the catch. Though it has been rechristened "defense support," instead of the old, misleading "economic aid," and described much more convincingly than it was last year, the Congressional hearings probably won't be long under way before this form of assistance again becomes the whipping boy.

The reasons for defense support—or continued economic aid—seem obvious. Europe's dollar gap for the coming year is estimated at close to three billion. It results largely from the fact that the countries of western Europe are having to conduct an enormously expensive defense program, to import great quantities of raw materials at inflated prices, and to cut down on export production. Manpower and resources that could be used for increasing exports will instead be diverted to the NATO defenses. The continued existence of a dollar deficit does not mean that the Marshall Plan was a failure. It simply means that a convalescent patient is not ideally prepared to shoulder a pack and march off to maneuvers.

But many members of the election-

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year Congress are manifesting great irritation because the end of the Marshall Plan has not brought an end to the need for so-called economic assistance. It is this impatience that may bring ready listeners for slick-sounding new patterns such as that proposed by the International Chamber. If the Europeans need dollars, why shouldn't we buy goods and services directly from them, so that they can close their confounded dollar gap? Then we will be sure to get something like our money's worth, the whole program can be turned over to the Pentagon, and the Marshall Plan hangers-on can be gotten rid of.

Offshore Procurement

Offshore procurement, thus described, has gained more prestige because of its resemblance to a plan originated last year by Richard M. Bissell, then Deputy Administrator of ECA. Bissell proposed that the United States purchase European currency in the amount necessary to meet Europe's balance-of-payments needs, then use the currency to buy essential military goods and services. Though his plan was blocked at the time within his own agency, last April, after a long period of deliberation, a limited offshore-procurement program using MDAP funds was inaugurated. One strong incentive was a critical shortage of economic-assistance funds. Offshore procurement, it was felt, could at least supplement the transfer of desperately short dollars to Europe.

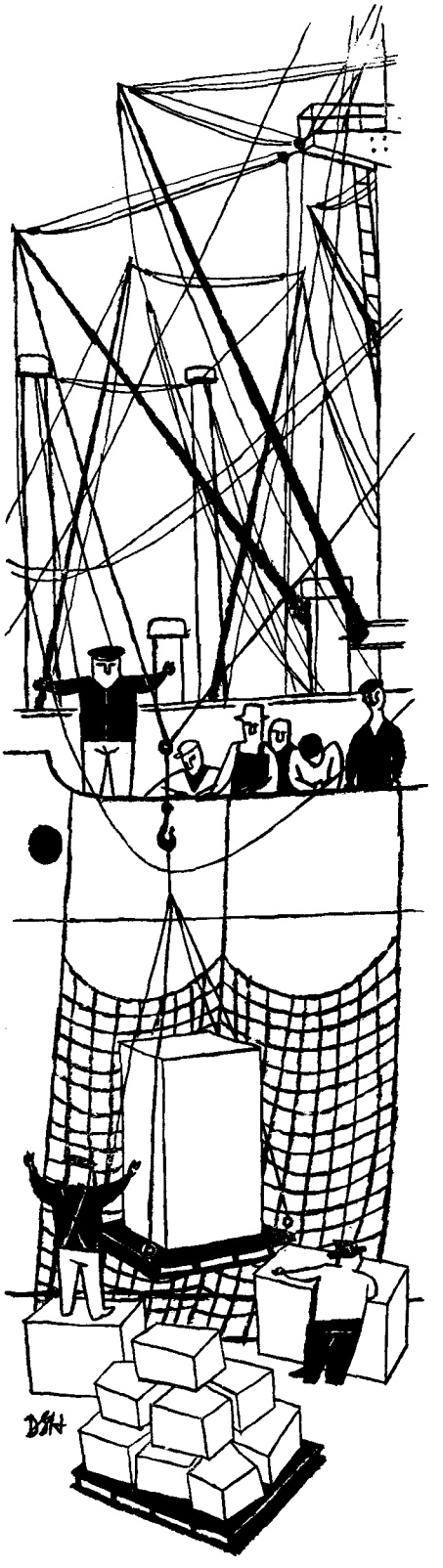
Results of the program thus far indicate some of its shortcomings. Despite feverish efforts, up to February of this year not a single contract had actually been given to a European manufacturer. Furthermore, under traditional Defense Department procedures, scarcely more than fifteen per cent of a contract's value is paid out during the first year, and the remainder is often stretched out over the period of production, often several years. It appears obvious that offshore procurement as a device for rapidly transfusing dollars into Europe's economy leaves much to be desired.

Booby Traps for Buyers Abroad

This is not the only weakness. The U.S. procurement officer who attempts to deal in good faith with a French or German industrialist finds himself confronted with a great deal more than a language barrier. Military procurement is conducted amid a welter of regulations and legalities which are not readily transferable to Europe. To American-made red tape is added a profusion of European red tape. U.S. models and blueprints are not always adaptable to European dies. Such problems as the political coloration of the European labor unions rise to curse the program's chances.

Offshore procurement on a scale large enough to meet present European deficits therefore seems altogether impractical. Though Bissell's plan does include provisions for getting around the problem of supplying dollars to Europe the same year contracts are let, it runs directly counter to Pentagon business practices. It also fails to answer the tough question of how to match a country's dollar requirements with the amount of procurement feasible in that country. Great Britain, for example, has little excess industrial capacity not being used for military production. Unless we chose to take over some of Britain's own commitments, we would find scant room for offshore purchases there. Yet, for the very reason that it is meeting defense obligations, Britain is likely to have an acute need for dollars. On the other hand, Belgium would be a likely market for contracts, but its dollar needs are not serious. Heavy U.S. spending in Belgium might enable the Belgians to import more luxury items from the United States—a situation that Congress would hardly favor. In still another category, Greece, with little military production to offer, needs assistance to maintain its large defense forces.

Politically, large-scale offshore procurement seems equally impractical. If it were used for both goods and services, before long the ugly word "mercenaries" would spring to the lips of



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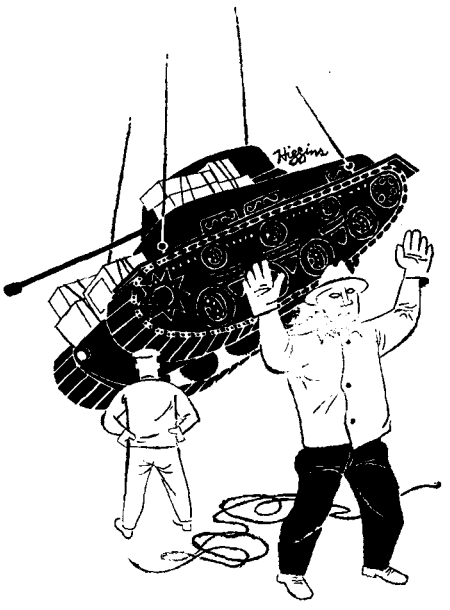

disgruntled Europeans. Not many European governments could ignore the charges of meddling that would accompany the wholesale influx of American procurement officers.

Why Bail Them Out?

A program that enables the American Congressman to know exactly what goods and services are being secured with American dollars sounds very appealing to him when compared with present assistance, which is shipped mostly in the form of cotton, coal, and other commodities with results not quickly visible to the naked eye. But it would certainly not be long before some quick-witted Member turned the proposition upside down to charge that the United States was buying European currency to do what the Europeans had refused to do for themselves. Because the French won't collect taxes to meet their obligations, Uncle Sam must step in to pick up the check.

In any Congressional test, offshore procurement would not be likely to get as much support from constituents as the present method of administering aid. The American farmer, for example, has known when ECA authorizations were being used to buy his wheat and cotton. With offshore procurement, the dollars which return to the United States would be unlabeled. Conversely, the letting of industrial contracts in Europe while there was unemployment in Detroit would immediately call forth loud howls.

Despite its shortcomings, offshore purchasing may still prove a useful tool. It can be used to encourage the switchover from civilian to military production in certain European industries. It can relieve the strain on U.S. production in bottleneck items. It can help solve logistics problems by ensuring, for example, that Europe produces enough boxcars to meet its own needs in the event of war. And by helping broaden the industrial basis, offshore procurement may speed the day when Europe will be self-sustaining. But its uses cannot be stretched too far.

Administration leaders in charge of steering the Mutual Security Program through Congress will in any case find it difficult to resist attempts to divert economic assistance into straight offshore procurement. Their only defense will be a good offense in selling the merits of the present program as administered by the Mutual Security Agency. Last year many Congressmen took delight in kicking the Marshall Plan around, but this year an attempt ought to be made to point out its real and continuing achievements. The present program, as one observer has pointed out, is something for which Congress deserves great credit.

At the end of three and a half years, instead of the estimated four, after about $12 billion of American aid, instead of $17 billion, Europe was well along the road to recovery. Production had increased almost half again over prewar levels. Internal European trade had increased by thirty-five per cent over 1938, Europe's trade with the rest of the world by fifty per cent.

At the time Marshall made his proposal, neither he nor anyone else envisaged the size of the threat that would face Europe in 1952. It was the Marshall Plan's crowning achievement—not its undoing—that in so short a period the nations of western Europe gained enough stability to assume the heavy armament burden.

At all costs, Administration leaders feel they must clear up the artificial distinction that has grown up in the minds of Congressmen between *military* and *economic* aid. Both are *economic* in the sense that they represent a portion of America's resources. Both are *military* in the sense that they contribute to Europe's defense buildup. The choice between types of aid, they will argue, should be based on military, technical, and financial decisions relating to the assignment of defense tasks between the United States and Europe, the most efficient location of production, and the agreed sharing of burdens.

If Congress can ever be brought to accept the program's interrelatedness, supporters believe that defense-support assistance will seem more attractive. Through the device known as counterpart funds, the Mutual Security Agency exerts a double control over economic assistance: once directly, by determining what purchases will be permitted against economic-aid dollars; the second time indirectly, by its influence over the recipient government's use of counterpart funds set aside to match aid dollars.

American influence over the expenditure of the funds has played a tremendous role in prodding the European governments to undertake their present defense commitments. This year, one billion dollars of aid plus its equivalent in counterpart funds serves as a lever upon nearly $10 billion in European defense budgets. If we were to switch to offshore procurement exclusively, a billion dollars would have little effect beyond the specific goods and services it purchased.

This spring most of the attention focused on the Mutual Security Program in Congress will be concerned with how much or how little the President's dollar requests are cut. It is in shaping the direction of the program that Congress has the power of decision. The real decision will be whether our foreign-aid program is to be kept flexible, or whether it is to be so straitjacketed that it promotes new tensions among allies.

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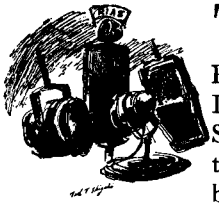
The Voice of Free Berlin

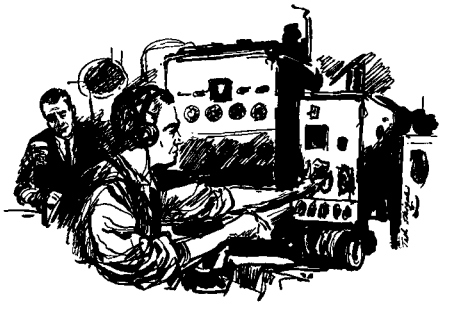
PERCY KNAUTH



THE most striking thing about RIAS, the "Radio In the American Sector" of Berlin, is that practically nobody ever thinks about its American backing any more —nobody, that is, except the authorities in the Soviet Zone of Germany, to which practically all RIAS programs are directed. Red propagandists, who alternate rather hopelessly between trying to kill RIAS with lofty silence and swamping it with vituperation, have done their best for six years to undermine the station's prestige with constant reminders that it is entirely subsidized by the Information Services Division of the U.S. State Department and therefore cannot be anything but a lying mouthpiece of warmongering western capitalism. But an estimated 12 million Germans—eighty-five per cent of all in the East Zone who listen to the radio—persist in overlooking this. In answer to a broadcast questionnaire, residents of the East Zone named RIAS "the free voice of the free world." What the seven hundred men and women who put out RIAS's mixture of news, entertainment, and straight anti-Communist propaganda have achieved in twenty-two hours a day of broadcasting is a propagandist's dream: a station completely identified with its audience.

There is plenty of evidence to back up this statement. Perhaps the most eloquent came last August from some of the audience themselves. During the World Youth Festival which the Communists staged in east Berlin at that time, more than fifteen thousand members of the Free German Youth movement in the Soviet Zone came to visit RIAS, to see for themselves the station whose programs they had so often heard clandestinely at home. They had not been invited, nor were they expected in anything like such numbers. Yet day after day in the sweltering August heat they packed the station's studios and spoke their minds to its staff. Summing up their opinions, Gordon A. Ewing, American Deputy Chief of RIAS, reported: "Our visitors thought of RIAS in a personal way, as a friend upon whom they depend for much of their entertainment and almost all of their straight news and information and free opinion. When asked, they said that American control of the station had not made it seem alien."

This is about as proud a tribute as Ewing and his chief, Fred G. Taylor, who heads the staff, could possibly get. But as eloquent in a different way is a tribute paid more recently by the Communist authorities themselves. Chiefly to drown out RIAS programs, they are now putting up an enormous 300,000-watt station in the Soviet sector of Berlin, and are greatly increasing the power of other stations throughout East Germany. This is not likely to hinder RIAS very long, because Taylor has also been authorized to step up the power of *his* station from its present 100,000 watts to a competing level.



The Birth of RIAS

In February, 1946, when RIAS started operations, it was more of an oddity than anything else, the personal pet of Charles S. Lewis, a New York newspaperman then heading the Radio Branch of Military Government's Information Services Division. Lewis, concerned about the fact that the Russians were monopolizing the air waves in Berlin through their control of captured Radio Berlin, pressed his superiors for permission to spread some American good will through a U.S.-operated station. Since there was still plenty of hope in those days that West and East could co-operate in a friendly way, sentiment for Lewis's project was not strong—it seemed a rather unnecessary undertaking. Finally, however, he was told to go ahead and utilize the Drahtfunk, a wired-radio system utilizing telephone lines. During the war, this network had been useful as an air-raid-warning system because it gave off no radio signals to guide enemy bombers.

So RIAS began as DIAS, for *Drahtfunk im amerikanischen Sektor.* It started with practically every handicap conceivable. The only space its tiny staff could find was a few rooms in the badly bombed Central Telephone Exchange. Its members had almost no

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equipment. They had no library, no morgue of news clippings, no music except for a few American phonograph records. But they had one great advantage that few could recognize at the time: Their effort was considered so insignificant that they had a virtually free hand under the control of Lewis and his deputies, Ruth Norden and Gus Mathieu. The initiative and eagerness of DIAS's little staff were able to develop to the fullest, and everybody worked like the possessed to put out a seven-hour program nightly.

The stamp of RIAS's unique character among German radio stations, its liveliness, flexibility, and forthright honesty, was put on its programs in those days. Germans and Americans worked together on an equal basis. There were almost no professionals—but there were plenty of idealists and a full measure of enthusiasm. RIAS might well have become just another branch of the American propaganda effort, hampered periodically by policy directives, hounded by suspicious Congressmen, so restricted by red tape and self-consciousness that it could do little more than ward off Communist blows.

Boost from the Airlift

As it was, RIAS took the initiative in the anti-Communist war of words considerably ahead of other U.S. media, but it worked for so long in obscurity that by the time its real importance was recognized, the successful pattern had been set. The station has never been on the defensive against its opposition: RIAS specializes in challenging the Communists.

Recognition for RIAS came suddenly, in the early spring of 1948, when the Russians clamped down the Berlin blockade. RIAS by then was no longer an infant. It had outgrown the Drahtfunk stage in September, 1946. It broadcast for a while with a 1,000-watt transmitter mounted on the back of an Army truck. Then, in the spring of 1947, it acquired a 20,000-watt portable station that had been used by the Wehrmacht. Within two months after that, it had already pulled even with Radio Berlin: Each could claim thirty-four per cent of the Berlin audience. As an accepted though still small part of the U.S. propaganda effort, RIAS had also increased its staff and located potentially better housing space in a large, badly damaged building that had belonged to a chemical concern. Then, almost overnight, RIAS became the most important propaganda outlet the western Allies had in the German capital.

The achievements of station and staff during the blockade are now almost legendary. Recalling those fevered days and nights, the men and women who worked around the clock to put out RIAS's morale-bolstering programs grow almost nostalgic. "That was when RIAS was really great," they say. "No effort was too much; no money was spared to keep it going and tell the people of Berlin what was really happening to their city."

The difficulties were enormous. Because of the coal shortage and Russian chicanery, there were periodic and often unpredictable power shutoffs. This meant that even if RIAS could somehow continue transmitting, whole sections of the city would be unable to hear the programs. So the staff mobilized Army and Berlin police cars, equipped them with loudspeakers, and toured the city to broadcast news in person. Schedules were worked out in accordance with the power shutoffs so that blacked-out parts of town could be given digests of programs they had missed. RIAS reporters with recording machines covered big and little political events, rushed their tapes back to the studios, and had them on the air within minutes.

During the blockade, RIAS was the voice of free Berlin, more German than American. When west Berliners planned a purely German protest demonstration against the blockade, the call went out over RIAS to gather before the burned-out Reichstag Building at the very edge of the Russian sector. Almost singlehandedly, the station mobilized nearly 250,000 people who left their jobs and homes to jam the vast open space in one of the most impressive manifestations of human dignity ever seen—a silent sea of stony faces turned toward the Russian sentries who stood on guard at the Brandenburg Gate, above which waved the red flag.

The present RIAS setup is a child of the blockade. The new building was finished while the city still lay besieged: Every item that went into its completion was flown in by the Airlift. And during that same time, a west Berlin firm built and installed the 100,000-watt transmitter that blankets Russia's Germany from the Baltic to the Austrian frontier.

'Be Honest . . .'

Like the city it served, during the blockade RIAS had to stand on principle and principle alone. No compromise was possible, nor were there formulas to deal with a situation that transcended all precedents. Pat propaganda phrases evaporated before the terrible realities of 2.5 million people being systematically starved out. From this fearful and inspiring time, RIAS developed a creed that can serve as a model to the propaganda trade:

"Be honest; hide nothing. Be fearless; discuss anything. Be specific; avoid empty phrases. Know your listeners and their problems; be clear and confident in helping them to deal with them. Make your audience think; help them to keep thinking. But above all,

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give them the truth, and give them every opportunity to check by their own experiences and by your own honesty that they are hearing the truth."

"You can never go too far with truth," Gerhart Lowenthal, RIAS's Deputy Program Director, told me when I talked to him recently. "And you must never forget that for two decades the Germans in the Soviet Zone had heard only one voice—first the voice of Nazism, then the voice of Communism. They *want* to hear diversities of opinion; they thirst for free discussions. It isn't just a matter of feeding out propaganda; it's a matter of keeping the human mind alive."

RIAS gives its listeners a wide variety of programs. At one extreme is the RIAS Symphony Orchestra, admittedly something of a luxury but one which, by virtue of its growing reputation for excellence under the direction of Hungarian-born Ferenc Fricsay, adds greatly to the station's cultural stature. At the other extreme are such purely propaganda broadcasts as "Berlin Speaks to the Zone," which not only gives the western point of view but also deals with the daily problems of life in the Soviet Zone, advising listeners on how to cope with them and at frequent intervals warning them against spies in their home towns.

Between these two poles are such RIAS innovations as the *"Schulfunk,"* or "School of the Air," with its popular offshoot, the *Schulfunk-Parlament,"* which gives young people practical experience in democracy; the *"Funk-Universität,"* or "University of the Air," which does an important job in keeping Russian Zone students abreast of western knowledge which is banned from their classrooms; the RIAS "Answer Man," who daily gets a bagful of queries on almost any subject known to curious man; the RIAS political cabaret *"Die Insulaner,"* or "The Islanders"—a satirical review tailored especially for Berlin; a jackpot show called *"Mach' Mit"*—"Join In"; Mayor Ernst Reuter's fortnightly broadcast, *"Wo Uns der Schuh Drückt"* ("Where the Shoe Pinches"); and a series of programs especially designed for various categories of listeners in the Russian Zone.

Zeroing In

These political programs, broadcast intermittently from 5 A.M. one day until 3 A.M. the next, are the heart of RIAS's propaganda war against Communism. Everything else is built around them, often integrated closely with them. Like a battery of artillery, they are constantly regrouped and zeroed in on specific subjects, following changing conditions in the Soviet Zone. Often, indeed, they are ahead of events. In such cases, they can save lives. Recently a RIAS fan traveling by train from Dresden to Berlin brought news that on certain days the *Volkspolizei* was subjecting all passengers to a particularly rigorous check. RIAS broadcast a warning. Two days later, a letter came from a man who had heard it. "It was just as you said," he wrote. "I saw nine people arrested and taken away for various reasons. I wonder how many others may you have saved from a similar fate."

Other warnings go out regularly from RIAS, forecasting things like sudden inspections of mills, livestock, and grain and factory storerooms. The *"Spitzeldienst,"* or spy-warning service, which is a regular part of "Berlin Speaks to the Zone," has saved many a person from imprisonment or worse. Based on information checked at least three ways before going on the air, these lists of known spies have done much to undermine the system of having neighbor denounce neighbor, which the Communists have developed to an even higher degree than Himmler's Gestapo did.

But the political programs, like those on the lighter side, have a higher purpose than the countering of Communist propaganda and actions. The station's officials are firmly convinced that some day the people of East Germany will be free and reunited with West Germany. This implies a number of problems, not the least of which is the fact that 18 million new people will then be suddenly thrown into western orbit—people who, ever since Hitler came to power, have been subjected to a way of life which aims chiefly at dulling the mind and initiative in order to make them submissive to a single line of thought directed from above. "The most important part of our job," Lowenthal told me, "is to get our listeners to think independently and keep them thinking independently. What we must counteract above all else is the growing apathy of people in the Soviet Zone. This letter will show you what I mean."

"We are close to desperation," said the letter, from a listener in Leipzig. "We can scarcely bear this life any longer. We are growing weary and apathetic, and also infinitely embittered. How often have I heard your listeners say: 'It's easy for them to talk, over there in the West—what we want is action, *action!*' "

Air Waves versus Apathy

"You see the state of mind of some of the people to whom we talk," Lowenthal continued. "It's not enough even to try and explain to them why they have to hold out supinely under this oppression; we have to make them understand it, to figure things out for themselves. We have to prod and prod them to keep them thinking, to prevent them from letting go the few liberties they still have. We have to make them understand why they *must* stay where they are. It isn't only that West Germany can scarcely take in any more refugees; it is also vital that the demo-

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cratic idea should not die out in the Soviet Zone simply because its strongest supporters have lost heart or fled."

Through its close connections with its listeners, RIAS can be specific in its broadcasts. When there is an issue to be fought out with the Communist authorities, every program that can contribute is mobilized for the battle, and on every such occasion it is dismaying to the East German authorities, and heartening to RIAS listeners, to see how detailed is the station's knowledge of the Communist plans. At this writing, RIAS is waging a successful campaign against the Reds' "Year of National Reconstruction," a grandiose project which, disguised as a program to rebuild Berlin, was designed to raise money to bolster the tottering finances of the East German "republic."

From the moment when the "Year of National Reconstruction" was announced with great fanfare at the end of November, RIAS never called it anything but a *Zwangsanleihe,* a forced loan. The idea was, as the Communist Party announced, that east Berlin should be rebuilt "in a style befitting its position as the nation's capital," with a number of fine big office buildings to line the Stalin Allee in the Russian sector, and two thousand new dwellings to alleviate the housing shortage. All this was to be done by means of a three per cent contribution to be deducted "voluntarily" from the pay of every wage earner.

RIAS actually beat Gerhart Eisler's Ministry of Information to the punch. It had been warning its listeners that some kind of a forced loan was in the offing. The day before the "Year of National Reconstruction" was announced by the Communists, the station was ready with facts and figures.

"Tomorrow," said the announcer on "Berlin Speaks to the Zone," with which RIAS opened its campaign on November 26, "you will all be hit with the full force of the propaganda wave. . . . But you yourselves can easily figure out what it means to hand over three per cent of your earnings for a forced loan. And every one of you can figure out that the enormous sum which would be realized by this program of the party will bear no relation to the cost of the ridiculous two thousand dwellings which are to be built in Berlin—only in Berlin, remember, as though they were not needed just as badly in Dresden, Magdeburg, or elsewhere."

From that day on for three weeks, RIAS devoted every political program to pounding home the lesson: By the Communists' own figures, two thousand dwellings should cost no more than about 20 million marks; but by the same figures, three per cent contributed by every wage earner would amount to about one billion marks. "What is the remaining 980 million for?" was the question which, in endless variations, went out over the air day after day.

Schnorchel's Doubts

Beginning with the program "Workday of the Zone," directed at 5:30 A.M. to factory workers leaving for their jobs, right through to the late-night broadcasts aimed at functionaries of the Communist Party, teachers, and other professional groups, RIAS dedicated all its efforts to undermining the forced loan. "All of you have been given the opportunity of reminding the Central Committee of the party that contributions are supposed to be voluntary!" cried the announcers. Or: "Demand security for your money!" Or: "Present the party functionaries with lists of what you actually need when they come around; tell them 'for this we will give money—for housing for our wives and children—not for the glorification of the Stalin Allee in Berlin!' "

Pinsel and Schnorchel, the two comics who weekly argue the latest Communist regulations over RIAS, were strong participants in the act. Schnorchel, the 200 per cent party-liner whose overzealous faith is always being subtly undermined by Pinsel's doubts, this time had doubts himself about the way the party had tackled the fund raising. "You know, Pinsel," he said sadly one evening, "they started the whole thing wrong. In Hungary, now—in Hungary they laid their cards right on the table from the beginning. They announced a 'peace loan' there—yes, sir, a 'peace loan' to build up the army! That's the way to do these things!"

On the Spot

The result of this barrage was that after three weeks the party had to back down on pay deductions and announce that only truly voluntary contributions would be accepted. At this writing, the Soviet Control Commission is on the party's neck demanding complete reorganization of the entire program, pointing out that not only the contributions but also the "voluntary" overtime that East Germans were supposed to contribute to clean up and rebuild the ruined capital is lagging far behind. "We estimate that we have cost the Communists at least half of all the money they expected to take in," said Eberhart Schutz, RIAS German director of the Political Division. "And remember, the money wasn't just for putting up new buildings—its primary need was to finance production, to increase output in all fields; in short, to bolster up the finances of the Five Year Plan, which is the very basis of the economy of the Russian Zone."

In a more delicate operation, RIAS is waging a constant battle against collectivization of agriculture. Here, it would be easy to call on the farmers to sabotage their crops—but this, Schutz explained, would simply result in the party's taking drastic steps which it has hitherto avoided. "Naturally, we don't want agriculture to be collectivized completely in the Soviet Zone," Schutz said. "So what we do is help the farmers to maneuver in such a way that they just, but only just, observe the letter of the regulations."

When RIAS officials claim credit for

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the breakdown of such programs as the "Year of National Reconstruction," they are not just boasting. Letter after letter, visitor after visitor confirms the effectiveness of the station's campaigns. So intimate is RIAS's knowledge of the daily life and problems of its audience that it can direct certain programs at specific localities or even specific factories, talking familiarly of conditions and personalities there, pointing out that party functionary So-and-So has a Nazi record, or reminding workers of promises made but not kept by their superiors on earlier occasions. This sort of thing inspires great confidence because listeners on the spot are always able to check the station's accuracy for themselves.

The most useful contributors to the up-to-date storehouse of knowledge of conditions in the Soviet Zone are RIAS's daily visitors. The fact that most of the top staffers are refugees from East Germany themselves helps the station to weed out fanciful and unreliable stories. Sometimes there are as many as four hundred visitors a day; on the average about 150 come in. Their requests, stories, news, and information are a cross section of what is on people's minds in the Soviet Zone at the moment.

A recent visitor was a young man from Dresden, who came chiefly to discuss western policies. He and a circle of friends, he said, met regularly for evenings of political talk. All had doubts about Bonn's aim of integrating West Germany with the Atlantic powers—didn't this mean abandonment of the Russian Zone? And remilitarization —wasn't that likely to provoke war rather than prevent it? What about Korea and the Middle East? It was difficult, he said, to find arguments against the Communists, who maintained that in these areas the British, French, and Americans were only trying desperately to secure their imperialistic footholds against the justified nationalist aspirations of the people.

"You see," said Frau Lisa Stein, the forthright, gray-haired woman who runs the visitors' bureau, "how much these young people are already imbued with the Communist point of view. They are intelligent and they try to think for themselves. But unconsciously, again and again, they fall into the totalitarian line of thought. They are not trained to see the larger issues;

they lose themselves in the details, which is exactly what the Communists want. They even use the party phrases without realizing it. Their questions are not always easy to answer at that," she added with a wry smile.

Letters, too, reflect the same thirst for knowledge, the same thin thread of hope or creeping despair—but always the feeling that RIAS is "our station." Since the 100,000-watt transmitter was installed, plus another directional transmitter at Hof in Bavaria to blanket the industrial areas of Saxony, RIAS's mail has come from as far north as the northern tip of Scandinavia, as far south as Spain, and as far east as Bulgaria.

'Our Station'

Even the most critical observer of RIAS's operations soon tends to forget the station's American control. This is just what Fred Taylor and Gordon Ewing, who run the American end of it with as loose a rein as possible, like to see. To keep alive RIAS's reputation among Germans as a German station, they practice a simple rule:

"We get the right kind of people, people who naturally tend to think along our lines, and then we just steer them a little. We have almost no professional radio men, and very few older men. [The average age of RIAS's higher officials is somewhere around thirty-five.] For example, our senior editor for Soviet Zone affairs is a farm boy from Magdeburg. His whole life had been confined to farming and soldiering until he came here. We discovered he had a first-class talent for political commentary. Like most of our people, he lived under Communism himself in East Germany, so he knows conditions there at first hand. The man who writes 'Pinsel and Schnorchel' was a university student; before that, he was a fighter pilot. He showed a fine gift for satire, so we put him to work."

General program lines are laid out at daily meetings presided over by Taylor. He, like Ewing, steps in only where policy demands it. Here again, the rule is: Get the right man at the right time. If a hot issue demands the particular abilities of a certain writer, he is put to work on it regardless of other assignments. Ewing reviews all writing, but seldom has to do more than make a few suggestions. So close is the integration between the American and the German staff that the Germans can carry on at these meetings with little more than occasional comment from Taylor and Ewing to ensure that U.S. policy lines are observed.

Free Voice

Both Germans and Americans firmly believe that democracy's shortcomings as well as its positive sides should be discussed openly. They have frequently applied objectivity to arguments against Communism. "One of our most successful broadcasts on 'University of the Air,'" a staffer explained recently, "was a series of very high-level scientific talks on Marxism. We got some of Germany's most eminent political scientists, philosophers, and historians to join in this program. They didn't slant their talks in any way; they described both the good and the bad with equal honesty. Thus, for the first time many of our listeners got a real idea of what Communism is all about, stripped of all propagandistic phrases. The response to this series was so great that we had to repeat the whole thing.

"Nothing builds up faith in a cause, a nation, or a radio so much as honesty and truth. Do you know why people who listened to the BBC here in Germany during the war came to accept its news as gospel? It is very simple. When the British gave news of a bombing raid on some German city and described the results, they would finish, for instance, like this: 'Our planes shot down twenty-five enemy fighters; our own losses were twenty-six aircraft.'

"That sort of thing stimulates the confidence which is the propagandist's greatest reward, the aim of all his work. Listeners say to themselves: 'Well, if those people can admit that everything isn't going so well on their side either, then they must be free to speak the truth.' And that's all we ever want—to be 'the free voice of truth from the free world.'"

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Bigness and British Industry

One observer says there are too many competing 'little fellows'

NAT McKITTERICK

THERE is a great temptation for Americans to get bored with or irritated at Britain's recurring financial crises. Nobody is more aware of these temptations than the average Briton, who often wonders why Americans don't become more irritated and more bored.

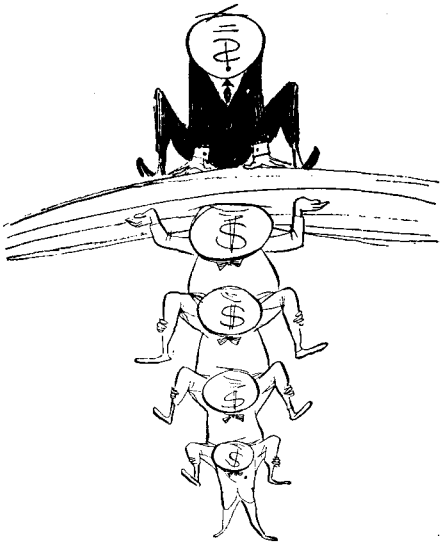
Yet the fact that the crises do recur should be evidence enough that there is something fundamentally wrong. The basic faults are often obscured by the tendency in London and Washington to explain each individual crisis in terms of some extraordinary or temporary circumstance, such as rearmament or inflation. One often-overlooked root of Britain's troubles is the structure of British industry itself. At least two-fifths of the British people have to be clothed and fed on the proceeds of British industrial exports. This is a matter of industrial production, something that should be peculiarly susceptible to help from the United States. Yet the armies of officials and businessmen and the teams of workers who have crisscrossed the Atlantic in recent years for consultations on the state of British industry seem to have had only a marginal effect. Indeed, their conferences and reports have produced confusion as often as they have produced cures.

Trend to Bigness

To my mind, what Britain needs most to learn from the United States is the simple fact that size in modern industry is sometimes indispensable to efficiency. Few care to sing the praises of Big Business, but who can deny that the trend of U.S. industry has been toward fewer and fewer companies supplying a larger and larger share of the market? Production in the United States has steadily gone up; markets have steadily expanded; but in industry after industry the number of individual producers has stayed the same or actually decreased.

To ascribe this trend to a bunch of scheming monopolists is as silly as to deny that the trend exists at all. Much of modern industry is synonymous with Big Business for the simple reason that only through a colossal volume of production can a single company absorb the high cost of modern machinery and equipment, the high level of modern wages, and the burden of war-economy taxes.

Nothing is more significant in British industry than the fact that no similar trend toward giant corporations has occurred. In the years before 1939, when many U.S. industries were resolving into groups of a few very large manufacturing units, British industry was developing along its traditional pattern of relatively numerous small manufacturers. Some manufacturers went to the extremes of price fixing and market sharing with their competitors in order to preserve the status quo. Indeed, the traditional British monopoly is made up of a lot of little fellows controlling the distribution of a product, whereas the U.S. version usually involves dominance by a few companies or even by one.



The Second World War precipitated the crisis in British industry that would have come eventually anyway. After the war, the small companies that made up industry after industry found they could not produce fast enough, cheap enough, and in sufficient quantities to supply the huge markets staked out for them in the Commonwealth and the sterling area. Other nations, first the United States and then Germany and Japan, were able to do what the British couldn't, so that more and more normally British markets began looking elsewhere for goods and getting rid of their sterling at cheap rates in order to turn it into tangible imports. This movement was at the root of the devaluation crisis of 1949. It is at the root of the financial crisis today.

The Austin-Nuffield Merger

So critical is this threat to Britain's prosperity that the ranks of British industry are bound to be purged one way or another. In November an event of major importance in the British industrial world pointed the way. Two leading automobile manufacturers, Austin Motor Company and Morris Motors, Ltd. (The Nuffield Organization), formed a joint holding company. Both firms faced growing competition from the Germans and the Americans. The Germans, uninhibited by rearmament and with only a few types of cars being produced in rapidly growing numbers, are already beginning to undersell the British. The state-owned German Volkswagen Company follows a dual pricing policy which assures that the

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Volkswagen will undersell British competition in many markets. The Americans, after rearmament and the end of restrictions on dollar imports, may become a much more serious threat.

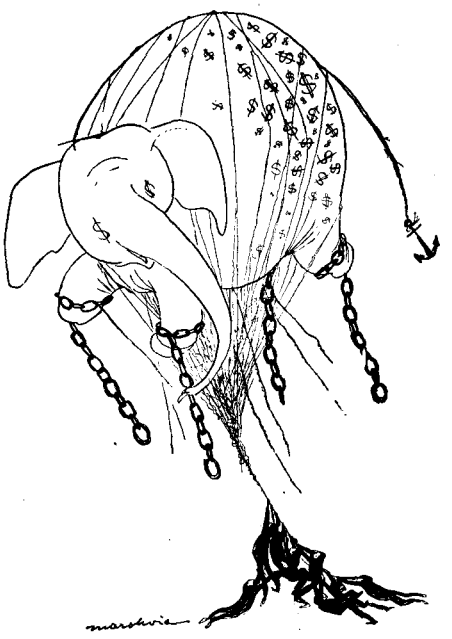
In combination, Austin and Nuffield can produce cars more cheaply and in considerably greater quantities than either could do by itself. Just as important, the combined companies, by pooling their capital, will be able to keep abreast of the latest developments in production equipment in one of the world's most competitive industries. Even in combination, the two companies are small when compared with General Motors, but in Britain they are Big Business. In 1950, twenty-nine British firms produced 522,515 passenger cars, while in the United States ten firms turned out over 6.5 million.

In the electric-light-bulb field the situation is similar. Eight independently controlled companies—twice the number in the United States—dominate the light-bulb industry in England. For years, through the Electric Lamp Manufacturers Association, these companies have fixed the prices of their products and shared the existing markets, so as to keep all eight in business.

Two years ago, thanks indirectly to U.S. aid, the two biggest members of E.L.M.A. each received one of the latest U.S. bulb-making machines. Together these two machines have a capacity very nearly equal to the whole British demand for light bulbs. Today, they are idling at a fraction of their capacity in order to keep the two companies from exceeding the market quotas set by E.L.M.A. Despite an investigation by the British Monopolies Commission under the Labour Government, the association appears to be unperturbed by the great waste of precious manpower and materials.

Aircraft and Groceries

Nobody has invented a machine to mass-produce airplanes like electric-light bulbs, but consolidation is nonetheless becoming inevitable in the British aviation industry. Today Britain is trying to make almost as many different kinds of airplanes as we are. Aviation factories are among the most efficient in Britain, but the fact remains that the United States can produce aircraft—even British-designed aircraft—faster and cheaper. The United States can't



produce one plane or even a hundred any cheaper than the British, but we can and do produce a thousand and two thousand a lot cheaper. The reason is modern machine tools. Hardly any British aviation company handles enough business to afford the mammoth expense of modern aviation presses and forges. The cost and complexity of modern aircraft have made the small manufacturers something the country cannot possibly afford.

It's a long way from aircraft factories to grocery stores, but even here the lack of large-scale business is hurting Britain. There are twice as many food stores per capita in Britain as in the United States, and by and large they function about as they did when Napoleon called Britain a nation of shopkeepers. Britain has nothing like the huge chain-store systems and supermarkets which have proved that even in retailing groceries, mass-production methods can result in greatly reduced costs and manpower waste.

Tradition, plus the fact that the average British housewife must shop on foot rather than in her car, probably means the supermarket is still years away in Britain. But the largest concerns in the British grocery trade—ironically, the regional and municipal co-operative societies—are being forced to adopt big-business methods. The co-ops are introducing self-service stores. They found they had to. About a quarter of British housewives want to shop at co-ops, but the co-ops operate only eight per cent of the nation's grocery stores. To handle the volume, they had to take a leaf from the capitalist American grocers' book.

Government Ownership

Similar pressure is building up in almost all British industries. Not the least important examples are the recently nationalized industries—steel, coal, electric power, and the railroads. Spurred by the hope that maybe nationalization could be avoided, private British steel manufacturers mapped a long-term program to build steel mills on an American scale. The program is going forward under government ownership, but a lot of small, inefficient producers remain. The U.S. Steel Corporation, which turns out about a third of our steel, produces twice as much as the entire British industry.

The other three nationalized industries—coal, electric power, and the railroads—were brought under government ownership largely because there was no hope of reorganizing them on big-business lines through private enterprise. Hardly anybody in Britain believes that their nationalization could have been avoided, though the Conservatives are pledged to denationalize steel.

It is probably true that today there are a lot fewer Britishers than there were in 1945 who believe in the "moral justice" of nationalization, as the doctrinaire Socialists teach. But at the same time, if any industry on which Britain's livelihood depends should fall down on the job, the British may vote to give government ownership a try, for better or for worse. That threat hangs heavy over the head of many British industries today.

The need in Britain to use manpower and materials as efficiently as possible is a matter of life and death. The idea that the United Kingdom, with fifty million inhabitants, can become a small industrial power on the model of Holland or Switzerland would entail mass starvation. The markets in which Britain buys its food and raw materials represent huge demands on British industry. Until British industry is organized to meet these demands, financial crises are bound to recur. Americans could do much to aid this painful reorganization by recognizing that our own industrial experience proves that very often big commitments can be met only by Big Business.

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Egypt as Seen From London

GEORGE LICHTHEIM

LONDON

"HAVING . . . peremptorily selected a Palace nominee as Prime Minister, King Farouk . . . has given the British Government a last chance of reaching an agreement with the coterie of corrupt plutocrats who are our only friends in Egypt."

This cynical comment on the upheaval that left the streets of Cairo looking "as though they had been raided by a fleet of bombers" appeared in London's *New Statesman and Nation* early in February. The British weekly's attitude was undoubtedly conditioned both by its dislike of the Foreign Office and its fondness for the Leftist Labourite dicta of Aneurin Bevan. A day earlier, at a closed meeting of the Parliamentary Labour Party, Bevan had assailed the Tory Government's handling of the Egyptian crisis and had urged that control of the Suez Canal immediately be handed over to the United Nations. The *New Statesman* echoed his pronouncement: "We have often urged that the international waterways of the world, including Suez, should be placed under U.N. protection and guarded by U.N. soldiers."

The fact that at present there are no "U.N. soldiers" does not particularly trouble the *New Statesman*. R. H. S. Crossman, the paper's assistant editor and also a Member of Parliament, was the co-author of *One Way Only*, a shrill pamphlet issued last year by the Bevan group, which demanded the internationalization of the Panama Canal as well as the Suez, with Russia sharing in the control of both.

If Bevan still thinks along these broad lines, he is saying nothing about it in public. He and his segment of the Labour Party have simply been repeating that Britain must get out of Egypt to avoid further conflicts with Egyptian nationalism.

The Shifting Sands

The fulminations of the Bevanites would not be of such great interest were it not for the fact that so many other British voices are now being raised in support of the view that Britain must lay down its heavy burden in Egypt. Throughout the crisis the *Times* of London was unhappy about the way things were being handled. The *Economist* had this to say: "To those who have known Egypt in the past, there would normally be cause for comfort in the thought that this feat of restoring order was brought about by a circle of men so steeped in western ways of thought as are those who now immediately surround the King. But the events of the last few days rule out any such reassurance. The temper of the country has become such that no one is in a position to side with the west so long as British troops remain [in Egypt]."

This language, for a journal that has long urged a tough policy toward Egypt, testifies to a shift of attitude among the small group of experts who control British Middle Eastern policy.

The die-hard wing of the Tory Party, represented by the *Daily Telegraph* and retired Army colonels, would dearly like to "teach the Egyptians a lesson," and occupy Cairo again if necessary. But this sort of thinking has almost no popular appeal and does not worry the Government any more than does the pacifist clamor on the Left.

What does worry everyone is that there seems to be no obvious solution at all, even if the U.S. government should follow Churchill's recent hint and send a token force to Suez. A move of that kind would get Britain out of the immediate difficulty, but in the long run, many people feel, it would make no real difference.

Furthermore, the experts are beginning to think that it will make no real difference whether or not Egypt finally joins the projected Middle East Command, alongside the United States, Britain, France, and Turkey. At the moment, the chances are that Egypt will finally join after some stiff bargaining. But how much will that commitment be worth?

'African Romania'

Just after the last war, a journalist familiar with both South European and Oriental politics described Egypt as an "African Romania," and predicted that in a few years King Farouk would find himself in the position of King Carol in the late 1930's, when parliamentary rule collapsed in Romania and the king governed with the help of the army. In Romania, this stage was followed in 1940 by fascist rule under the Germans, and in 1945 by Communist rule under the Soviets.

Things may not go quite the same way in Egypt, but the drift looks familiar. There is now in Egypt a thinly disguised royal dictatorship based on the officer corps. Both fascist and Communist movements are growing, and the older parliamentary parties are losing ground. More and more it becomes apparent that the present royalist régime is merely a stopgap.

Thus far in Egypt there has been a preliminary trial of strength between the old order and the new totalitarian

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mass movements, which at present are under non-Communist influence but which the Communists are trying hard to control. The riots in Cairo during the last week of January, very nearly a general uprising, were organized and backed by a subgroup of the Moslem Brotherhood known as "Young Egypt" (Misr el Fatat), which was founded with German and Italian money in the late 1930's. Its leader, Ahmed Hussein, has been in and out of jail for years. Although he poses as a Socialist, "Young Egypt" is in fact the Egyptian fascist party, the spearhead of the whole nationalist mass movement.

The bulk of this nationalist movement is still under the control of two conservative organizations: the Wafd Party of Nahas Pasha (and to which Naguib al Hilaila Pasha, who became Premier on March 1, formerly belonged), and the Moslem Brotherhood, a movement sponsored by orthodox Islamic religionists. The Wafd has vaguely liberal aims, while the Brotherhood is simply too old-fashioned to compete in modern totalitarian politics. Its adherents would like to take the country back to Islamic theocracy and are more concerned with anti-modernism than anything else. They are fanatically anti-western and nationalistic, and their conservatism could buttress a royalist dictatorship if the Palace were willing to repudiate all western ties. King Farouk, however, with his entourage of courtiers, army officers, and Levantine financiers, is very much in step with the westernized business class. Although this is perhaps a mere deuce of clubs, it is the only card the British have to play.

The Price of a Treaty

On the edge of this caldron sit the British, with their army of about fifty thousand men in the Canal Zone and their determination not to relax their hold on the canal and the great army supply depots. Half a million Egyptians who live in the zone are now on strike, and the British determination to hold on is getting a little frayed. For what is the sense of retaining a military base if its existence undermines the stability of the whole area?

But if the British Government takes Bevan's advice (and the advice of the U.S. State Department) and evacuates, will Egypt cut itself off entirely from the West? The king and his cohorts claim that it will give them an opportunity to bring the country into the western defense pattern, but outsiders are convinced that if the Egyptians signed a treaty with the West, they would promptly repudiate it or pose fresh conditions, such as the annexation of the Sudan.

More important, there is a feeling that it does not matter greatly what the present monarchic oligarchy decides to do, since its days are numbered anyhow. It is true that Egypt has had stopgap dictatorships before, and that they have always led to a resumption of parliamentary rule, either under the Wafd or under the small oligarchical parties (Saadists, Liberal-Constitutionalists) closest to the Egyptian and Levantine business community, which wants to stay on good terms with the West. But this time it is beginning to look as if no such easy return to normal is possible. The nationalist mass movement is becoming formidable, and its direction is slipping increasingly into anti-western hands.

Varieties of 'Realism'

There are two traditional ways of looking at the Middle Eastern situation. Both have their supporters in the small circle of policymakers who pride themselves upon their "realism." Neither seems adequate to the situation.

There is the "realism" of the conservatives who bank on royal or army

dictatorship until a modern business class has grown up which can take over the government. According to this reading, the western powers must sit tight. Any concessions to popular demagogy will only make matters worse. The ideal solution, say the conservative realists, would be the dictatorship of a popular army general, or of a westernizing reformer like Kemal Atatürk. The revolution must come from the top. This is the line taken by the London *Economist*. Those who support it tend to forget that Kemal started out as a nationalist revolutionary, and that reforms introduced from the top presuppose an effective governing class, which is just what is missing in Egypt.

Then there is the "realism" of the radicals like Aneurin Bevan. Their theme is almost boringly familiar: Give every fellah in the Nile Valley (or in Iran, or Iraq) a quart of milk daily; satisfy the national aspirations of middle-class students and intellectuals by withdrawing all foreign control; encourage them to become democrats by example; above all, show them that the West stands for a bold program of social reform.

This well-meaning schedule has only one gap, but that is a wide one: It ignores the fact that to set reforms afoot one must appeal to the masses, and that the masses are anti-western, anti-parliamentarian, and—once roused—all too likely to follow fascist or Communist leadership.

So the comparison with Romania in the 1930's holds, except that the Egyptian situation is even less hopeful, poverty and overpopulation even more appalling, the governing class even less capable, the masses even more backward and more easily inflamed, capitalism even less securely based, trade-unionism and other democratic forces even weaker.

At present the fascists have the better chance to win power, but Soviet propaganda is hard at work among underpaid civil servants and nationalist junior officers, and in many cases the dividing line between Socialists and Stalinists is difficult to draw. During the last week of January they co-operated in staging a bloody uprising in Cairo which cost the lives of some fifty people and destroyed property valued at over $100 million.

Egypt's Communists are as much part of the nationalist movement as their rivals. To talk of nationalism as though it were something that could be used *against* the Communists is to misread the situation. The Middle Eastern Communist is a nationalist, although the loyalty of his high priests is ultimately to the Kremlin. The Moslem masses can be roused with Islamic slogans, with nationalist anti-foreign slogans, or with Communist declamations against "capitalist imperialism." They cannot be roused by propagandists who tell them it is their duty to

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defend the "free world" against godless Russia. They don't want to be part of the "free world," and the most anti-Communist elements of Oriental society are also the most anti-western. The policymakers who have been counting on Islamic conservatism as a bulwark against Communism are having the mortifying experience of watching the growing alliance between the Moslem Brotherhood and the Communists against the West.

Some Strange Bedfellows

Is there safety in demagogy? Both the British and the Egyptian governing class have thought so at times. The Moslem Brotherhood, which is now giving them so much trouble, was not always their *bête noire*. Founded in the early 1930's by the enterprising Sheik Hassan al Banna (known as "Sheik Rasputin" on account of his private life), it enjoyed considerable support in conservative quarters for reasons similar to those that induced German businessmen to subsidize the Nazis.

It was anti-unionist, supplied strike-breakers, and seemed fanatically monarchist and anti-Communist. Hassan al Banna received financial support from some very odd quarters. Around 1940, when Aly Maher Pasha (who did a brief turn as Premier in January and February of this year) was heading a Government suspected of being in touch with Mussolini, the Brotherhood supported Aly Maher. Later it backed the Wafd against the Palace and the oligarchy. In 1946, the strong man of the oligarchy, Sidky Pasha, was thought to have purchased its support against the Wafd, and it was even suggested that about the same time the British Embassy had a finger in the pie.

By 1948 the movement had become sufficiently anti-oligarchical to push the weak Government of Nokrashy Pasha, against his better judgment, into the war with Israel. In the autumn of 1949 Nokrashy was murdered by an assassin belonging to the Brotherhood, which had just been temporarily suppressed. By 1951, when the Nahas Government needed its shock troops for use as terrorists against the British, it had once more become "respectable," a fact underlined by the choice of a new leader: Hassan al Hadibi, a counselor of the Court of Appeal. Yet this organization was behind the riots, though most of the actual killing and wrecking was done by the "Socialist" Party of Ahmed Hussein, whose newspaper had for months outdone the Communists in demanding a social revolution, war against Britain, and the expulsion of all foreigners and Jews.

Against this volcanic background, the current calm appears as a lull, and both Egyptian conservatism and liberalism as the thinnest of veneers. After all, it was the strong man of the "liberal" Wafd Government, Fuad Serag el Din, himself one of the richest men in Egypt, who sent the terrorists into the Canal Zone to fight the British, handed arms to the "auxiliary police" for the same purpose, and after the bloody clash at Ismailia went on the air with wild tales of British atrocities against helpless Egyptians, thus inciting the Cairo mob.

The West's Last Chance

It is significant that in a seemingly hopeless situation, Washington and London have in fact chosen to adopt the conservative solution of working through the Egyptian monarchy and its various Middle Eastern counterparts. This choice has been made explicitly by the British, implicitly by the U.S. government. Success depends on certain crucial ingredients. One of them is a capable governing class. Another is foreign supervision—without the latter there is not the slightest doubt that the experiment will fail.

The Soviet alternative must be considered against this background. That it is a genuine alternative few will doubt. To call it the only possible one, however, is to pronounce sentence of death upon a culture that has lasted for some thirteen hundred years. Even those who have no particular admiration for Islam will hesitate to affirm that its spiritual resources have run completely dry and that the society it has brought into being is incapable of reforming itself and must perish, to be superseded by the new empire whose center is Moscow. What makes the Communist solution attractive to the intelligentsia in Middle Eastern countries—and it is the intelligentsia which forms the hard core of the Communist movement—is its totalitarian character: It offers a ready-made substitute for the old integration, while the West appears to offer nothing but dissolving influences. Yet Communism is incompatible with Islam, and therefore with national and cultural tradition. The intelligentsia is hesitating. While it pauses, the West has a last chance.

It is well to be clear about the nature of the challenge. The Middle East has had a surfeit of "liberalism." It wants revolution *and* tradition. This explains the success of the Moslem Brotherhood and the lack of interest shown in all the current talk of purely technocratic change, from Henry Wallace's quart of milk and Ernest Bevin's Tennessee Valley on the Nile (for which there was no money anyhow) to the American Point Four.

It is not that material change is regarded as unimportant—on the contrary, there is immense admiration for the Soviet achievement—but that the lack of a transforming will is felt. Stalinism offers its solution: the totalitarian state party, with its carefully managed revolution-from-above and its privileged role for the ruling intelligentsia. In their own way, the rival fascist and theocratic movements are groping for something similar. There must be a power behind the material change strong enough to overcome the inertia and corruption of centuries.

If one accepts the view that Egypt and most of the Middle East are today socially where Europe was in the eighteenth century, one may think that the birth pangs of the Industrial Revolution need not be fatal to traditional society. But the job calls for strong nerves and a strong controlling power.

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Indo-China: The Impossible War

JEAN-JACQUES SERVAN SCHREIBER

THE DAY before Edgar Faure's Cabinet fell late in February, its request for funds to carry on France's war in Indo-China was backed by the largest majority the Chamber of Deputies had given any Premier in recent years. Of 616 Deputies, only 104 Communists voted "No." It would seem that the French people are pretty solidly in favor of keeping up the long fight against the Communist-led Vietminh rebels.

Actually, Defense Minister Georges Bidault summed up the Deputies' motives more accurately when he said "Where there is battle, there must also be certainty." With over 200,000 French and colonial troops in the field, only the Communists could try to deny them the necessities of combat.

But if a poll were taken today on whether France should keep fighting in Indo-China until a complete military victory has been won, probably no more than 150 of the 500-odd non-Communist Deputies would cast favorable votes. For five years, Indo-China has been draining more and more French money and manpower; the line of battle has changed but little; the Vietminh has steadily increased its power; and the threat of full-scale Chinese intervention has grown greater and greater.

Until very recently the French had become more or less resigned to paying the yearly ransom in Indo-China, as they were to making up the deficits of the nationalized railroads and the social-security program. It was considered defeatist to suggest that France should give up its faraway military effort. Two years ago, when Pierre Mendès-France, a Radical Socialist Deputy and former Finance Minister, dared to suggest an end to the bloodletting, his parliamentary colleagues ostracized him. But in 1951 the wind slowly began to shift. In December, during the budget debate, Mendès-France's old, shameful position was supported by nearly all the Socialists, most Radical Socialists, and all the left-wing Popular Republicans. This meant that a majority in the French parliament—not counting the Communists—favored abandoning the effort to defeat the rebels of Ho Chi Minh by force of arms.

Germany and North Africa

The main reason for France's change of heart is this: In 1952, the year when France is supposed to become the keystone of the European defense structure, it is all but paralyzed by a distant war in Southeast Asia.

France's NATO quota at Lisbon this year required 1,400 billion francs ($3.4 billion) for rearmament, not counting expenditures in Indo-China. The Cabinet had approved only 950 billion. Even this makes a deficit of 700 billion—more than one-fifth of the total budget. Inflation is a worse problem in France than in any other western country. In 1951 retail prices increased thirty per cent, and it is impossible to estimate how much higher they will rise in 1952.

Allied policy in Europe, as embodied in the Schuman Plan and the European army project, is based on a France strong enough to counterbalance a resurgent Germany. But in the middle of February a week-long debate in the French Assembly revealed great doubts among all parties as to whether France would be able to maintain its superior military position vis-à-vis Germany within a unified Europe. This year France can put up only seven divisions in Europe, as against the fourteen originally planned.

Then there is North Africa. The day rioting broke out in Casablanca, last November, General Augustin Guillaume could muster only a token force to put it down. The Communists have seized upon such weakness to set up a timetable for undermining France's position all along the North African coast from Tunis to Casablanca.

Widening Commitments

At every point France is brought up short by its lack of the wherewithal. This has caused some Americans, including Herbert Hoover and Senator Tom Connally, to accuse France of bad faith. One after another, French Governments have made the grave mistake of concocting alibis: American aid has not been all that was promised; Britain has snarled up European unification; the Communists, and the Communists alone, have fomented the North African troubles.

This distressing display of excuses would be unnecessary if one truth were pressed home: France is incapacitated by the Indo-China conflict. All of France's other schemes and projects have more or less bogged down in the rice fields of the Tonkin Delta.

This year France will receive 150 billion francs in direct aid from the United States. In the budget for 1951, 250 billion francs was allotted for Indo-China, but more than 350 billion was

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spent. In 1952, the allotment is 380 billion; more than 500 billion will be needed.

A month before General Jean de Lattre de Tassigny died, he attended a meeting of the French National Defense Committee held in Paris, where he presented the requirements for the Indo-China war. General Alphonse-Pierre Juin presented those for France's military establishment in Europe. De Lattre asked for reinforcements. Juin asked that trained officers and N.C.O.s be recalled from Indo-China. According to General Staff estimates, the officers and N.C.O.s now in Indo-China represent the cadres of ten divisions—almost the number France has promised to raise in Europe.

The West counts on France for an arduous triple task: raising the largest army on the continent, accepting and meeting German competition, and playing a leading role in North Africa. France can carry out these missions—but not simultaneously with the Indo-China campaign. Indo-China is a major threat to western policy in Europe. The question arises: Will the terrible cost of Indo-China at least lead to a final solution of the Indo-Chinese problem? The answer is "No."

No Victory in Sight

Very few people in France still believe that French troops can win a military victory over the Vietminh forces. At best they can hang on to their present positions—with increasing difficulty. Jean Letourneau, the Cabinet Minister in charge of Indo-China for the past two years, who made an extensive inspection tour right after de Lattre's death, said that a decisive victory must be ruled out.

As for a political solution, the object of French policy in Indo-China has been to make Bao Dai's Vietnam government strong enough to defend itself. But all serious observers agree that it is not only Communists who support Vietminh; it is also supported by large numbers of Vietnamese who want independence above all else. These observers also agree that there is no solid or dynamic national movement that can compete with Vietminh, and that a great number of Vietnamese who oppose Ho Chi Minh would rather stay neutral than collaborate with Bao Dai. Under the circumstances, a political solution cannot be expected.

Another proposal is for a solution through the "internationalization" of the war, making the Indo-Chinese front one like Korea, with troops of various Allied nations fighting alongside the French. Until recently, French political leaders believed that foreign intervention would seriously endanger the idea of the French Union and would constitute a dangerous precedent for intervention in other parts of the French commonwealth—Tunisia and Morocco, for instance.

In any event, whose soldiers would join the French on the peninsula? At the January meeting of the American, British, and French chiefs of staff in Washington, the French asked what help they might expect if the situation in Indo-China deteriorated. The British declared that they had their hands full in Malaya and Burma. The American indicated that they might provide air and naval assistance—if warfare on a major scale did not start up again in Korea—but not ground forces.

Negotiate with Whom?

And so there is no military, political, or international method of solving the stalemate. That is why a number of French statesmen have begun to consider negotiation with the Communists.

A new debate is now under way, quite unofficially, as to how negotiation should be started and with whom. Some leaders go so far as to propose negotiating with Mao Tse-tung in the hope that the Chinese Communists will cut off military aid to the rebels. Former Premier René Pleven suggests that the matter be taken up directly with the Chinese at the Korean truce talks. But other French politicians, including many who are familiar with the Indo-Chinese situation, argue that hatred of the Chinese would throw entire new segments of the Vietnamese to Ho Chi Minh if the French got together with the Chinese to settle the fate of Indo-China.

Armistice in the Offing?

Other leaders say that direct negotiation with Ho Chi Minh is the only way out. That is probably what Foreign Minister Schuman had in mind when he spoke in January of "an accord that would put an end to the conflict." But at the official level the idea is still considered so premature that Schuman was practically repudiated the next day when his own men at the Quai d'Orsay said the dispatches had quoted him "incorrectly."

Whichever the approach, it appears fairly sure that a serious attempt to negotiate will be made some time in 1952. In January the French parliament sent a mission to Indo-China to make a preliminary survey. It consisted of one Socialist, one Popular Republican, and two Radical Socialists.

The first objective will be to seek an armistice—at first, as in Korea, perhaps merely a *de facto* one. From the French point of view a cease-fire, secured by the threat of aerial reprisals, would be an enormous step forward. Once a semi-truce was established, political negotiations could begin.

France has already substantially granted Indo-China national independence. After a cease-fire, general elections could take place and the Vietnamese could choose their own government. But a preliminary condition is necessary: The Communists must consent to such a truce and must respect their engagements. Obviously a solution by negotiation is uncertain and perilous. But continuation of the war will be even more so.

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The Mormon Invasion Of New York City

ROBERT K. BINGHAM

SHORTLY before noon on one of the unseasonably mild days New York enjoyed during February, I kept an appointment with six Mormon missionaries at the corner of William Street and Maiden Lane, just north of the financial district. The Mormons were going to hold a street meeting for the lunch-hour crowds.

Elder Stanley C. Kimball of Montebello, California, who had asked me to the meeting and who supervises the work of seventeen other Mormon missionaries in the metropolitan area, turned out to be tall, thin, and anything but elderly. He told me later that he was twenty years old. Explaining that Mormon missionaries always work in pairs, Elder Kimball introduced me to his companion, Elder Gary Nalder of Shelley, Idaho, who looked even younger. In marked contrast to Elder Kimball's narrow features, Elder Nalder's face was wide, not with fat but with bone. He shook hands with tremendous and disconcerting vigor, but by so doing prepared me for the heartiness of the other four elders who were to take part in the meeting. None of them could have been much over twenty and all of them hailed from the Far West.

While the others were in a huddle around their briefcases—arming themselves with tracts, getting out some kind of banner, and stacking their hats one inside the other to be left with the baggage once the meeting got under way—I had a little talk with Elder Kimball and with Elder Nalder, who stood with us somewhat impatiently, interrupting his chief from time to time. Elder Kimball told me that when he was called by his home bishop to go away on a mission he had been a freshman at the University of Utah, beginning a predentistry course. "We spend

Historical Pictures

Joseph Smith—death mask

two years at this work," he said quietly, "and most of us get to feel that they're the two best years of our lives." He grinned, almost as if he were apologizing for his own earnestness. Elder Kimball stood several inches over six feet in height, and he had a way of inclining his head forward slightly so that he seemed to be looking up rather than down at shorter people. Elder Nalder volunteered the information that he had been studying pharmacy at Idaho State College, but that he had since decided to be a physician.

When I asked if all Mormon missionaries were of college age, Elder Kimball seemed to weigh his answer. Before he spoke, Elder Nalder broke in to say, "They are now, but you watch and see; in a few months we'll start to get the old ones—fifty and sixty years old, some of them married, even." He looked quickly at Elder Kimball for approval. "It's the draft boards," he said with a knowing nod. Elder Kimball explained that the 4-D classification which defers ordained ministers under the Selective Service system is given to Mormon missionaries for only two years, after which they are subject to the draft like anyone else. In Utah, where more than half the residents are Mormons, the draft boards have been hard put to it to meet their quotas, and the church has agreed not to use any young men for missionary work who are about to be called up for military service. "Those draft boards are really on the lookout for us when we get back," Elder Nalder declared.

'We Pay Our Own Way'

"A year ago," Elder Kimball said with a touch of sadness, "we had 232 missionaries in the Eastern States Mission, of which our district here in New York is a part. Now we have 148. In a few months it will be even less." He shook his head. "You see, we have no paid priesthood. The bishop who presides over each ward—what you call a parish—is not paid for the work he does, and he doesn't, for example, preach the sermon every Sunday. Every man is eligible to hold some rank of the priesthood. Why, as soon as he turns twelve a boy can become a deacon." Once again Elder Kimball's grin seemed almost apologetic. "We Mormons like to get everybody into the act."

"Even the missionaries don't get paid," Elder Nalder put in, watching me closely for a sign of surprise, which I was quick to give him. "We pay our own way, traveling expenses, rent, and all the rest. It either has to come out of savings or from money our families can give us." This was a subject that interested both of the missionaries—not, as I suspected at first because they felt that the requirement was unjust, but rather because they

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were proud of it. Elder Kimball said that when called he had had no savings of his own whatsoever, and his father, an accountant and a former bishop of his ward, had been out of work for two years. "And as if that wasn't enough," he said, "my sister Janet was called to be a missionary down in Texas." Elder Kimball smiled. "At first I couldn't see how it was going to work out. But since then my dad has found a job and—well—everything's going all right." I was convinced that only his natural shyness prevented him from identifying more precisely what he believed to be the source of his good fortune.

Some Few Ministers of God

The huddle around the briefcase broke up, and Elder Kimball excused himself. Striding purposefully out to the curb, he took up his position next to a subordinate who was holding a small American flag and a banner headed APOSTACY. Traffic on the sidewalk was heavy, mostly with people who appeared to be stenographers and clerks on their way to lunch. When Elder Kimball began to speak, a few looked up, but most hurried on toward their destinations. The rich aroma of freshly ground coffee blew up Maiden Lane from the East River.

Elder Kimball was as a man transformed. He shed his shy manner entirely, and his voice became clarion, every word distinct above the roar of traffic. He braced his feet wide apart and leaned forward aggressively.

"Friends of Manhattan," he bellowed, "we are some few ministers of God, representing the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. We come to your street corner in this way so that we may share with you some of the mysteries of a great religion which has given strength to us and to our people, and which we know to be true." The other missionaries stood about singly on the sidewalk, as if they were passers-by pausing to hear what Elder Kimball had to say. Still none of the stenographers and clerks stopped. "We are not here as radicals or fanatics. We are but six of the five thousand missionaries and more who are sent throughout the world by our church. We're not here for our benefit. We're here for your benefit!"

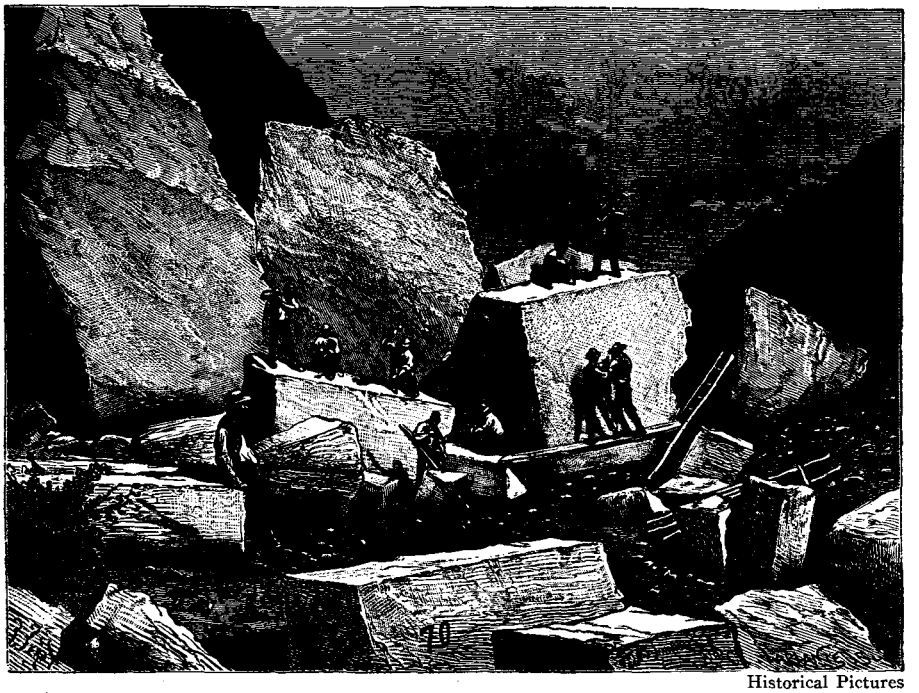
A man with a pushcart had stopped at the curb a few feet from Elder Kimball, and a crowd of girls gathered around to examine some sweaters he had for sale. "These kind of sweaters ain't the inflammable kind, are they?" one girl demanded suspiciously. "I been reading a lot in the paper about sweaters they just go poof."

Pointing to the banner which his colleague was holding, Elder Kimball spoke of "the falling away of true belief," and this somehow attracted the attention of the girl who didn't want to buy an inflammable sweater. She left the pushcart and stood in the gutter, staring up at Elder Kimball with a mixture of suspicion and incredulity. "Going clear back to the beginning," Elder Kimball shouted, turning from side to side as if he were addressing a large audience, "the gospel was given to the prophet Adam. But the people would not live according to the word of God, and so it was taken from them." This process had been repeated, according to Elder Kimball, down through history. He described how the multitudes had fallen into corruption after the gospel had been given successively to the prophets Noah, Abraham, Moses, and Jesus Christ. One of the missionaries approached the suspicious girl in the gutter and offered her a tract. She gave him a sharp, nervous frown, waved him away, and started up William Street, staring back over her shoulder. Elder Kimball announced that the next speaker would tell how the gospel had been given to a prophet in our own times, and he beckoned to a red-headed missionary to come in and replace him.

For Mormons the spiritual is never far from the practical, and the next speaker chose to say nothing about the reception of the gospel by a modern prophet. Instead, he described the fine record made by the basketball team of Brigham Young University, which won the National Invitation Tournament last year. "They did it all by clean living and obeying the commandments of God," he asserted. What he left unsaid but clearly implied was that Mormon athletes, unlike some of their Eastern rivals, had not taken bribes from professional gamblers. As the new speaker proceeded anecdotally through some of the worldly successes of his church, I asked Elder Kimball to continue the theological commentary that he had begun at the curb. I said that I knew next to nothing about the doctrines of his religion. "If you're like most people," Elder Nalder inserted, "about all you know is that Mormons used to have a lot of wives," and all three of us laughed.

An Angel Appeared

Elder Kimball kept on smiling, but it was not difficult to detect his fundamental seriousness. He wanted first to



Historical Pictures

Mormons at work on the Temple at Salt Lake City

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straighten out the matter of plural marriages. "At no time were more than three per cent of our families polygamous," he said firmly. "It was a serious matter, to be entered into only after a great deal of prayer. And since 1890 any man found to have more than one wife has been excommunicated." In answering personal questions, Elder Kimball had been more than a little self-conscious, but now he spoke rapidly and confidently in phrases that had been worn comfortably smooth in his mind by constant repetition since childhood.

"Essentially, what we believe," he began, "is that the same kind of divine revelation that God sent down to the prophets in ancient times He can and does send down in latter days. This has been proved to us in the life of the prophet Joseph Smith. In the early part of the last century, when Joseph Smith was only a boy of fourteen years, he happened to think about where it said in the fifth verse of the first chapter of James, 'If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him.'" Elder Kimball repeated the quotation from James, this time more slowly and with greater emphasis. Elder Nalder was listening as if he had never heard the story and found it fascinating.

"And so Joseph Smith prayed," Elder Kimball recited, settling firmly into his subject, "and sure enough the angel Moroni appeared to him and entrusted to him the golden plates on which the Book of Mormon was written. The prophet found them buried on the Hill Cumorah, just south of Palmyra, New York. Now the Book of Mormon was written in what they call Reformed Egyptian, but Joseph Smith was able to translate it into English because the angel also entrusted to him the Urim and Thummim."

"The what?" I asked, with more of an edge than I had intended.

Elder Kimball nodded as if he had expected my question. "The Urim and Thummim," he repeated. "You'll find references to them in the Old Testament. They're magic stones for translating and things like that.

"Now in this Book of Mormon, which is 522 pages long," Elder Kimball started off again, "we get testimony as to how one of the lost tribes of Israel came to the Western Hemisphere

Historical Pictures

The emigration: Smith preaching

six hundred years before Christ was born. This recent book *Kon-Tiki* proves how they got here. The same current that carried Thor Heyerdahl *away* from South America carried them *to* South America. It goes around in a circle, you know.

"Anyway, after Christ was crucified in Jerusalem, He appeared for three days among these people in South America and converted them. You get a proof of this in St. John, where Christ says, 'And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice, and there shall be one fold, and one shepherd.' Now the people lived in peace for a time, but then wickedness sprang up among them. The Lamanites, who were dark-skinned people, killed off all the Nephites, who were white-skinned people. Mormon, a leader of the Nephites, gave the record of all this to his son Moroni, who buried it on the Hill Cumorah, where Joseph Smith received it fourteen centuries later."

Elder Nalder had been waiting for a chance to break in. "The Lamanites are the same as the Indians that white people found when they came over here later on. As a proof of that, do you remember when Cortez invaded South America? The Indians hardly put up any fight at all because they thought he was the Great White Father." Elder Nalder paused for effect. "They thought he was the Second Coming of Christ. That's what they thought."

"Actually we find in other writings revealed to the prophet Joseph Smith that Christ will appear in Missouri," Elder Kimball said with his usual quiet certainty. "And before that happens the Lamanites—that is, the Indians—will be converted, and they will rise up and wipe the place clean."

There was a shading of anger in Elder Kimball's voice when he spoke of wiping the State of Missouri clean for which I could not at the time account. It has since occurred to me that his anger might perhaps be traced back to the treatment Joseph Smith and his early followers received at the hands of an anti-Mormon governor of Missouri, Lillburn W. Boggs, who ordered that "The Mormons must be treated as enemies, and must be exterminated or driven from the state . . ." In 1844, a few years after the expulsion from Missouri, Smith, in fulfillment of his own prophecy, was murdered by a mob across the river in Illinois. It was then that Brigham Young, "the Lion of the Land," led the Mormons across the plains to the Salt Lake Desert, where in persuasive accord with another of Smith's prophecies, the Mormons have become "a mighty people in the midst of the Rocky Mountains." There are now more than one million Mormons, and the desert has become an oasis, but the persecution, the exodus, and the rigors of the march are still vivid tribal memories for many Mormons.

I asked Elder Kimball if the writings also told when the Second Coming could be expected. "'No man knows the day or the hour,'" he quoted. He seemed to make a calculation in his head. "But it won't be long now."

'I May Be Wrong—'

Elder Kimball excused himself again and went to spell a missionary who had been speaking for some time. Elder Nalder hurried off to catch a boy in a leather windbreaker who had stopped to look at the banner; he seemed to be about Elder Nalder's age. The red-headed missionary was talking with a substantial-looking businessman in a dark-blue overcoat. The missionaries call people who display curiosity about Mormonism "investigators," and it seemed that the investigator in the

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dark-blue overcoat had been given some tracts the week before and had promised to read them. He spoke seriously and very courteously to the young missionary. "Now, mind you," he said, "I don't claim that this story about the golden tablets and the Lamanites and all that isn't true. I simply say that I myself cannot believe it. Now I may be wrong—" He held up his hand for caution, and the red-headed missionary hurried into the hiatus with a rapid flow of quiet but insistent argument.

Elder Nalder's investigator, who had dark, shining hair and a thin mustache and who may very well have been a Puerto Rican, seemed to be pained by what Elder Nalder was saying to him, yet unable to break away. Grasping the young man's elbow firmly and holding a tract open before him, Elder Nalder led him out of the main traffic of pedestrians.

The investigator in the blue overcoat was still unconvinced, but finally he agreed to take a copy of the Book of Mormon along with him. "All right," he said. "Mind you, I'm not promising a thing, but I'll look this over and then I'll let you know how it strikes me." The red-headed missionary said that that was fair enough and shook hands mightily.

I did some reading in the Book of Mormon myself a few days later. The rhetoric has an authentically Biblical ring, but I found that it did not hold my attention very well. Mark Twain, who did not care much for any of the native-born religious movements of the nineteenth century, once referred to the Book of Mormon as "chloroform in print." At the time of his death, Joseph Smith was working on an extensive revision of the Bible, based on further revelations that had come to him.

After Elder Kimball finished his next stint of preaching, I asked him if he was by any chance related to Heber C. Kimball, who had stood next to Brigham Young in the early hierarchy of the church and who had gone to England as leader of the church's first foreign mission. "Why, yes," said Elder Kimball with some pride, "he was my great-great-grandfather." When I asked if he could tell me which one of the older Kimball's numerous wives had been his great-great-grandmother, he wrinkled his brow and looked down at his feet, but he could not bring the name to mind. All he could remember was that she was one of the eleven or more women who had been married to Heber C. Kimball "for time" and to Joseph Smith "for eternity." Elder Kimball explained this arrangement. "You see, the seed that Heber C. Kimball raised up in her was sealed for eternity to the genealogy of Joseph Smith." I asked if that didn't make him the great-great-grandson of Joseph Smith, and he modestly agreed that in a way it did.

As Simple as That

The boy in the leather windbreaker had finally gotten away from Elder Nalder. As he made his way across the street, looking down at the tracts which had been given to him, his sallow face was still uncertain, still troubled. Elder Nalder gave a signal that he was ready and willing to take on the preaching assignment.

"Brothers and sisters," he began with penetrating resonance, "for over a thousand years the people have been confused, not knowing what to do, which way to turn. No one has shown them the way. It's as simple as that." A truck and trailer roared past behind him, and his voice became even louder. He seemed to be angry. "My brothers and sisters, the Bible is good, but the Bible is not enough. We need revelation to show us the way. How many of you," he asked scornfully, "can say that the organ to which you belong is divinely inspired? Well, we're making that claim to you today, brothers and sisters, and we're calling you to repentance." A shabby old man shuffled painfully by, carrying a sandwich board that advertised FOUNTAIN PENS REPAIRED. "If you don't repent," Elder Nalder shouted anxiously, "you're going to be caught up and burned!" The old man with the sandwich board winced perceptibly and did all he could to hasten his arthritic pace.

Historical Pictures

Brigham Young

Four or five investigators had stopped to hear Elder Nalder, and one of the missionaries asked Elder Kimball if it would be all right for him to take some pictures. The supervising elder gave his permission, and the amateur photographer got an expensive Kodak out of his briefcase. When I admired the camera, he told me that he had bought it from another missionary recently back from Africa. "At the time I bought it, I thought I was going to be sent abroad too," he said. "But here I am in little old New York." Elder Kimball told me that about half of the Mormon missionaries are sent abroad these days. He himself had hoped to go to England, like his great-great-grandfather.

When the next speaker took over, Elder Nalder approached a short, fat man who was leaning against a fireplug and offered him a tract. The fat man, who was wearing a bright plaid overcoat and a gray Homburg, laughed heartily. "You got me all wrong, son," he said, quaking with mirth. "I'm just here to meet a man for lunch." Elder Nalder shrugged his shoulders and rejoined Elder Kimball and me near the building.

"You know, a man has so many people screeching at him in a big city like New York," he said, "that he can't pay attention when something like this comes along." Both of the missionaries agreed that their work had met with more success in the outlying districts, away from the city itself. (Elder Kimball's great-great-grandfather had encountered the same situation in London back in the 1830's. "We found the whole city given to covetousness," Heber C. Kimball wrote, ". . . and all doors closed against us. We did not hesitate to stand in the midst of the streets and, Jonah-like, cry repentance unto the inhabitants . . .")

"We actually don't do very much

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work right here in the city except for these street meetings," Elder Kimball remarked. Except for what he calls "spot-tracting," he regularly deploys his missionaries mostly in northern New Jersey and metropolitan Long Island. I asked him if he ever sent his people up north of the city, into Westchester for example, and he nodded thoughtfully. "That's good territory. But"—he shook his head regretfully—"I simply haven't got the manpower."

'These Mysteries'

The missionaries try to steer the investigators into one of the local churches, and Elder Kimball estimated that there were about fifty conversions in his area last year—a creditable record, he feels, but not an outstanding one. "Down South they're getting converts right and left," Elder Nalder said. "But then I guess the people are just more religious down there."

I asked if any of the missionaries, leaving religious and usually rural homes for the first time in their lives to set up on their own for two years in a place like New York, ever found themselves tempted, ever felt their faith slipping away. Elder Nalder accepted the question as a challenge and launched into a zealous denial, but Elder Kimball interrupted him. "It sometimes happens," he said quietly, "but most of us find that our religion is strengthened by the experience of talking to other people about religion. At first you don't know what to say. But then it comes. And you find yourself talking right out, and glad of it."

Elder Kimball noticed that the missionary who was doing the preaching just then, a new man who had arrived from the West only a few months ago, was starting to run down, and he hurried over to relieve him. The lunch hour had ended and the sidewalk was no longer crowded.

"We want to thank you good people of Manhattan for co-operating in our street service," Elder Kimball shouted, "and for permitting us to share with you our testimony of these mysteries which we know to be true." He went on about the mysteries for a few minutes while the other missionaries were packing up their unused tracts and sorting out their hats, but there were no more investigators to hear him. In fact, no one was listening to Elder Kimball except the other missionaries and me.

VIEWS & REVIEWS

Generals In Politics

ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, JR.

A SOLDIER'S STORY, by Omar Bradley. *Henry Holt.*
EISENHOWER: THE MAN AND THE SYMBOL, by John Gunther. *Harper.*
DOUGLAS MACARTHUR, by Clark Lee and Richard Henschel. *Henry Holt.*
THE MARSHALL STORY, by Robert Payne. *Prentice-Hall.*
MELVILLE GOODWIN, USA, by John P. Marquand. *Little, Brown.*

WE ARE very much aware of an increased military influence in our national life. It is sometimes hard, though, to identify with precision the nature of this influence. Generals in politics, for example, are no particular novelty for Americans. Among Presidents, Washington was a general; so too were Jackson, the Harrisons, Taylor, Pierce, Grant, Hayes, and Garfield. This list includes almost one-third of the entire Presidential roster; and it does not take into account such disappointed candidates for President as Generals Cass, Scott, Frémont, McClellan, Hancock, Weaver, Butler, and Palmer (or such disappointed candidates for general as Theodore Roosevelt). Many of the political generals held their commissions in the militia or the volunteers; but even professional soldiers dabbled in Presidential politics long before 1952.

The novelty today lies not in having professional generals venture forth as free lances in political campaigns, but in having them as established authorities on policy, accepted in the highest national councils and held accountable in the most solemn national debates. Marshall, Eisenhower, MacArthur, Bradley—these men have dominated the whole postwar process of policy-making as generals never have before in our history. Both in quantity and quality, the power and prestige of the generals constitute a new phenomenon. We have among us today, in short, a new political elite, whose future is likely to have a considerable effect on the future of the Republic.

Before we can measure the significance of this new phenomenon, we must understand how it came about. Through most of American history, the professional soldier had an anomalous position: beloved in times of war, neglected in times of peace. Enjoying all power or none, he had never been able to regularize his relationship with the American democracy. From the days of the Society of the Cincinnati, Americans have mistrusted the military caste. Even the First World War brought only a temporary change. When the wave of martial enthusiasm receded, the generals, as usual, were left high and dry on the beach.

It is hard nowadays to recall the isolation and irrelevance of military life in the period between the wars. As Colonel T. Bentley Mott observed of Regular Army officers in 1937, "They lived apart in their tiny secluded garrisons much after the manner of military monks and they rarely came into contact with the mass of our citizens." The Army went underground into obscurity and stagnation: George C. Marshall remained a lieutenant colonel for ten years, and Dwight D. Eisenhower a major for about sixteen years. "Thirty-two years in the peacetime army," Omar Bradley writes, "had taught me to do my job, hold my tongue, and keep

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James A. Garfield—a general who became President

my name out of the papers." The wonder is that a life promising so little advancement, offering so little room for initiative, and conferring so little honor could attract and hold so many first-rate men. Indeed, only men of rare devotion—or else of rare mediocrity—could have happily contemplated the Army as a career. The men of overpowering ambition and energy—Hugh Johnson, for example—got out.

Reservoir of Talent

Yet history was working in favor of the generals, and their rise began considerably before the Second War. In the early 1930's, the breakdown of the economic system forced a bewildering variety of new functions and responsibilities on the Federal government; and the expansion of government created an urgent need for trained administrators. The Army provided an obvious reservoir of available talent. Franklin D. Roosevelt had few of the anti-militarist inhibitions of the traditional American liberal. If the fact of being a Roosevelt had not immunized him against pacifism, his service as Assistant Secretary of the Navy in the First War had satisfied him both as to the competence of the professionals (some of them, anyway) and as to his own competence to control them. He picked good men where he could find them.

General Johnson was no longer a professional soldier when Roosevelt made him head of the National Recovery Administration, but his appointment was a portent. When the Civilian Conservation Corps was set up, the military, as such, suddenly entered on new fields of activity. As commander of the Eighth Infantry, for example, Colonel Marshall organized seventeen CCC camps in Georgia, Florida, and South Carolina. Later, as head of the Fifth Infantry Brigade, he had under him thirty-five CCC camps in Oregon and Washington. Even more than the CCC, the Works Progress Administration emerged as the main link between the Army and the civilian side of government. It was here that Harry Hopkins began that partnership with the Army which would bear such fruit in the Second War. His executive officer was Colonel Lawrence Westbrook; his chief engineer was Colonel Francis Harrington; and men like Brehon B. Somervell and Donald H. Connolly served as regional WPA administrators. Other West Pointers had even a wider range of assignments. Philip F. Fleming, now a major general, served successively in the Public Works Administration, the Passamaquoddy project, the Resettlement Administration, and the Wage and Hour Division of the Department of Labor.

All this fell far short of influence over policy. But it meant the end of the old isolation. The professional soldiers began to sense the power and excitement of government; their horizons widened; doubtless new ambitions were stirred. Then war itself brought on the next stage in the rise of the generals. Here the decisive arena was less in domestic policy than in foreign. Certain generals, it is true, like Somervell and Lucius Clay, had great weight in domestic economic decisions; but the notion that they were engaged in a hideous intrigue to take over the domestic economy was mainly a nightmare of the press agents of Donald Nelson and of the Washington bureau of *PM*. The more serious civilian abdication came as a result of the doctrine of military expediency in foreign affairs.

The doctrine of military expediency declared that winning the war had priority over everything else. It came to justify almost any political or diplomatic policy that the generals said would shorten the war. By itself, military expediency was by no means a peculiarly American doctrine. When Brigadier Maclean asked Winston Churchill for political guidance in Yugoslavia, Churchill told him to find out which guerrilla faction was killing most Germans and to suggest how they could kill more. But for no other nation was the doctrine of military expediency so construed as to mean the virtual end of civilian supremacy over policy. For Britain and for Russia, the general remained the instrument, not the architect; his responsibility in the diplomatic field was to take his instructions from the local Foreign Office representative or political commissar. Only the United States made the general supreme in his own theater of command. Whatever their inclinations, our military technicians suddenly found themselves policymakers; the State Department man dwindled into a high-paid messenger boy, who, if he behaved properly, might be informed what the general intended to do next. This was due in part to the feebleness of the State Department under Cordell Hull;

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Benjamin F. Butler—a general who wanted the Presidency

it was due even more to Roosevelt's conviction that he could always handle his generals. The principle of civilian supremacy began to give way to the far more restricted principle of Presidential supremacy.

Proconsuls vs. State Department

President Truman lacked Roosevelt's unique experience in coping with professionals; he also lacked his mastery of world strategy. He found himself confronted, moreover, with a repetition on a larger scale of the same situation that Roosevelt had faced in 1933: the shortage of trained personnel to fill jobs that had to be filled.

Many civilians rushed back to private life; others were unwilling to run the increasingly savage gantlet of Senatorial scrutiny and approval. Generals were used to hard work and low pay.

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They had a better chance of getting by the Senate; indeed, they could lend political strength to policies which might otherwise have had rough sledding. Truman was forced to keep depending on the generals. Ironically, Marshall, as Secretary of State, was hampered by the very theory of independence of the theater commander that he had labored so hard to establish as Chief of Staff; MacArthur and Clay always remained semi-independent potentates, negotiating with rather than obeying the State Department. By the time of the MacArthur dismissal, the main brunt of the battle against MacArthur was borne not by the civilians but by Truman's Joint Chiefs of Staff. The inevitable sequel was Senator Taft's announcement early this February that, if he became President, he would dismiss the present Joint Chiefs and return to the wisdom of General MacArthur.

Today the generals seem fully established in the political world. They have infiltrated into the crucial areas of national decision; they have made policy; they have even assumed the public defense of policies which they have helped form. However, their power is far from complete: It is limited by their own self-restraint and by the vigilance of civilians in government. So vital a decision as the entry into the Korean War was made by the President on the recommendation of the Secretary of State, while the military stood by in an unwonted mood of agnosticism. Yet more and more—in Spanish, Far Eastern, and European rearmament policy, in intelligence—the power of the generals seems to be growing.

Nonmilitary Generals

What kind of men are they? In 1941, Harold Lasswell predicted the rise of the generals and then sketched a dreadful picture of "a world of 'garrison states'—a world in which the specialists in violence are the most powerful group in society." Yet the American military elite is oddly nonmilitaristic. A few generals have been cut on the traditional pattern; men like MacArthur and Patton would have been recognizable types at St.-Cyr or the Polytechnique. But the majority tend to be more folksy. Marshall, for all his austerity, remains a man of military rather than militaristic rectitude. Eisenhower spends his evenings reading pulp Westerns; John Gunther quotes a French comment: "But he is such a nonmilitary general!" Bradley, as a thousand people have remarked, is as comfortable as an old shoe.

Still, a difference remains. The possession of power within a framework of discipline creates a state of mind that keeps the outsider at his distance. Professional soldiers do become, in a real sense, "military monks," committed to an unwordly set of values and motivations. They present a uniform face to the world, a face caught with great exactitude in J. P. Marquand's portrait of Melville Goodwin: the cheerful, extrovert look, the controlled affability, the tough and resilient body, the assurance, composure, and insulation. Behind the façade the mystery remains: "They had all dropped some factor in the human equation as soon as they had rated a car with one of those flags on it and a chauffeur and an aide to get them cigarettes." They had attained the power which denied them the ordinary ties of friendship, that made friendship and sympathy a weakness. To the end, General Goodwin "was a stranger from a strange world which we could never touch."

Out of character, in civilian clothes —Eisenhower at Columbia, Goodwin with Dottie Peale—the generals seem more fallible, more simple, even more bumbling than the ordinary mortal. But, once restored to the environment of command, the military personality emerges. We have had a series of variations on the military personality: the imperious and imperial flamboyance of MacArthur, the quiet and disciplined integrity of Marshall, the tact and decency of Eisenhower, the homespun humility of Bradley. Yet they all share a remoteness from the outside world.

The Bettmann Archive

Theodore Roosevelt—a President who wanted to be a general

The Answer to Everything

The quality of the military mind is hard to define. But it clearly has an extraordinary innocence. It approaches every question as if no one else had ever tackled it before; it seeks to subdue every problem with military logic; it has no reserves of overtone or undertone. The answer to everything, as Melville Goodwin put it, is to estimate a situation and then take action. Everything is seen too clearly; and the complexities of history fall by the wayside. Above all, the military approach has trouble with the problem of ultimate goals; for life is something more than set problems in strategy. Under conditions of total war, the defense of the United States implies a whole series of value judgments on questions of economics, policy, and morality.

For Marshall, perhaps, the goal exists, defined by sheer force of intelligence and character. In the case of MacArthur the goal seems to dissolve in a dazzle of rhetoric; in the end, nothing seems to exist for him but his own brilliant performance against the backdrop of history. As for Eisenhower, one senses here a more usual American type —a man who conceives himself as the mediator between extremes, driving straight down the middle of the road, but, as Gunther acutely observes, not knowing "what the middle is, or where the curbstones are." At best, he responds with intuitive and precise tact to the pressure of opposing forces. Bradley, thus far, has operated within narrower limits than the others.

What does the future hold for the generals? The cold war alone did not create their authority; they enjoy no such prestige today in Britain or Russia as they do in the United States. Until civilians appear in Washington politically strong enough to dispense with their support and administratively vigorous enough to expel them from the councils of policy, the generals will exercise and probably enlarge their present power. Yet the more they abandon their military monasticism, the more likely they are to be corrupted by the great, bustling, imperfect world. Their innocence is passionate rather than

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demonic. Instead of hardening into a ruthless dedication, it is more likely to break down under the barrage of events into an awareness of complexity and an acceptance of uncertainty. "Instead of militarizing society," Henry Commager has said, "two world wars have rather civilianized the military." The enlargement of responsibility is likely to speed the process.

In the midst of the MacArthur debate, Walter Lippmann wrote of the "schism within the armed forces between the generals of the Democratic Party and the generals of the Republican Party." The very emergence of this schism testifies to the effectiveness of the civilianizing process. Marshall has more in common with Truman, MacArthur more with Taft, than the two generals have with each other; and this fact underscores the growing lack of coherence in the military elite as it pushes farther into the civilian world. The generals, nourished in their monastic discipline, united by their remoteness and their innocence, have had the appearance of a monolithic body when seen against the confusion of civilian affairs. But their very entry into civilian affairs dissipates their unity. The result will be to subvert the discipline and destroy the elite in the very period of its emergence. In short, the more the generals succeed in their mastery of policy, the less they will be like generals and the more they will be like civilian policymakers. From "specialists in violence" they will become specialists in administration.

Passing Phenomenon

This prospect leaves many questions unsolved: the role of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, for example, and the whole possibility of political neutrality in the services. Most generals will doubtless remain Army career men, serving indifferently under one Administration or another. But the top generals may well be now in the position of top Cabinet officials, committed to the policy they have helped to shape, and rising or falling with the party that sponsors the policy.

One other assumption must be made before the picture is complete: that the American people continue to regard the Army with the skepticism and irreverence which has been our traditional attitude. So long as West Point evokes images of Dick Powell singing on Flirtation Walk rather than of mass calisthenics and fanatical discipline, so long as Virginia Military Institute is better known as the home of Brother Rat than of General Marshall, the balance will remain tilted in favor of civil society. When the military images in our popular culture cease to be comic or sentimental, then we had better start fearing the generals. But so far the generals as a political elite appear to be a passing rather than a permanent phenomenon.

Three Movies from Africa

ROBERT L. HATCH

It is a common journalistic error to mistake a coincidence for a trend; nevertheless, there is some justification for deducing, from three films now being shown in New York, that the focus of movie interest is about to shift from Italy to Africa. To be more precise, the appearance of *Cry, the Beloved Country* and *The Magic Garden* is what encourages the speculation; the release of *The African Queen* in the same season is no more than a coincidence, for Hollywood has made safaris before and will make them again. Its usefulness in the present context is to provide a contrast between the familiar "location" production which, however far it travels for picturesque scenery, is still firmly attached to the home studio, and the indigenous movie which, however much it borrows talent and technique from the screen industry, is a product of the environment in which it was filmed.

Both *Cry, the Beloved Country* and *The Magic Garden* were made in and around Johannesburg, the gold capital of Dr. Malan's Union of South Africa, and the Malan theory of white absolutism has had a share in giving them their shape and quality. It has also made plausible the analogy with the films of postwar Italy. A society in which large sections of the population have been uprooted is highly favorable for the production of movies: Dramatic material that is at once specific enough to be fresh and sufficiently simple to be universal is to be found in its every neighborhood, and the people are an immense casting office.

A trained eye will discover types wherever people congregate, but in a stable society the man in the street cannot be expected to play the part he looks. A Milwaukee gas inspector may photograph admirably as an absconding cashier, but he is a respectable man with a reputation to maintain, no talent for conveying furtive plausibility, and no knowledge of what it feels like to play games with the law. But if you stir up a country with a decade or more of fascism, occupation, invasion, and liberation, every man will have been something of an adventurer, will understand the few essential points about every other man, and a factory worker can take on a role of tragic desperation (*The Bicycle Thief*). Or if you draw the natives of Africa out of their tribal villages to feed the manpower quotas of the industrial centers and there forbid them every civil right and almost every human decency, a grammar-school headmaster can play a picaresque scoundrel (*The Magic Garden*).

Such actors, unlike Humphrey Bogart and Katharine Hepburn following John Huston's instructions in *The African Queen,* may not be polished reflectors of the director's will, but, if they are guided by a man who is patient enough and cunning enough to

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let them work out the action in their own idiom, the overtones of their statements will be unimpeachable because the fable they are performing is their own lives. Poor pictures can be made under such conditions, as good pictures can be made in Hollywood. There is, however, a kind of badness prevalent in the commercial screen industry—the smug refabrication of second-rate philosophy and secondhand dreams—that is quickly exposed by a churned-up society. It is probably easier to be second-rate in Hollywood than in Johannesburg.

Malan, then, must be given credit, if at one or two removes, for the vitality, veracity, and deep bite of the two pictures made in his racist oligarchy. It will be interesting to see whether, on reflection, he permits this sort of thing to go on. Either picture alone might disturb and embarrass the rulers of South Africa; the two together—one a somber, almost elegiac tragedy and the other an irreverent, hilarious, and sardonic comedy—could suggest to a prudent tyrant that the lid was about to blow.

Cry, the Beloved Country

The broad theme of Alan Paton's novel, from which the movie of *Cry, the Beloved Country* was made, is the ennobling influence of sorrow. It is an Old Testament theme, told by Paton in a prose that recalls the Bible and translated to the screen by Zoltan Korda in a mood of restrained simplicity. Far back in the Natal hills live a Negro Anglican priest and a British colonial farmer. The men are neighbors, but their paths cross for the first time in Johannesburg, where the priest's son, a boy debauched by the metropolis, murders the farmer's son, a sociologist whose purpose in life has been to wipe out the criminal slums of the Transvaal. As the result of this double tragedy, the fathers join in a moral pledge to the future, and it is seen that each of them is the more compassionate, the more understanding, and the stronger for his grief. The picture skirts politics and it skirts economics; its emphasis is on Christian love and the incalculable power of those who dedicate themselves to service. That viewpoint could have resulted in a movie of resigned piety; but the shanty towns outside Johannesburg, where most of the scenes were taken, do not encourage the folding of hands, and the controlled rage of two western Negroes, Canada Lee and Sidney Poitier, as they stride through the squalor and stupid vice, is as electrifying as a Delacroix banner.

That Lee and Poitier were moved to pity and anger we know from statements they have made since they came home, but in any case we should know it from their performances. Lee, one of the most eloquent of actors, has devoted his career almost entirely to championing his race, and there have been times when his convictions as a Negro have seemed to interfere with his gifts as an actor. But in Stephen Kumalo, the priest, he was given a part that spoke for him, and he performed it at a moment when he was raw from contact with a familiar situation in a new and peculiarly ugly form.

Poitier, playing a younger colleague, a seminarian of greater sophistication and passion but less stamina, flashes sparks in situations where Lee's Kumalo grows quiet with knowledge. His revolt is nearer the kindling point, Kumalo's more deeply determined; fire and fuel, they represent two elements that oppression must always strive to keep apart.

It would be unfair to imply that *Cry, the Beloved Country* belongs to Lee and Poitier alone. Korda has evoked from his international, interracial cast a beautifully knit dramatic pattern. He has set the narrative to a slow tempo but it moves with impressive force; and though each character is sharply individual, they are all made symbolic enough to serve as archetypes—the warrior, the saint, the cynic, the prodigal, the woman scorned, the Christian. Korda's cast is part professional, part amateur, but there is no disparity in the quality of the work. This is due in a measure to his clear foreknowledge of what he wanted and to the sympathy with which he drew it out of his actors. It is also due to the fact that no one working on *Cry, the Beloved Country* in South Africa today could dissociate himself from the meaning of the film.

The Magic Garden

The Magic Garden (an unhappy title that calls up the patchouli epics of Rudolph Valentino) came to this country as unheralded as any picture can be in these press-agent days, but its reputation is certain to outstrip that of most of its drummed-up contemporaries, and its audience is restricted only by the booking habits of American exhibitors. *The Magic Garden* is an irresistible picture. It is funny, extremely funny, but so are many movies; what sets this one apart is an undertone of

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antic mockery that Malan, if he read it aright, might dislike even more than the other picture's sober accusation.

The story of the film can be traced back as far as you care to go; it is a folk plot that will recur whenever and wherever times are bad, the master is harsh, and the people chafe. A thief steals a sum of money which rapidly passes through a number of hands, in each case rewarding the deserving and chastening the wicked, until it returns at last to its true owner. In form, the picture is a faultless example of the interrupted chase, that infallible comic mechanism. The thief seizes the money and is pursued; he caches it and the chase languishes while a little drama sprouts. But then he grabs the booty again and the race is on. This continues, with vignettes of drama strung together by passages of increasingly hilarious hue and cry, until the action comes full circle. René Clair would recognize the composition and Chaplin might claim it; but Tyll Eulenspiegel was working the same stunt much earlier and he was not the first.

The picture was produced and directed by Donald Swanson, who went to Africa with a J. Arthur Rank company and stayed on to make movies for himself with native casts picked up in the street. *The Magic Garden* is his second production. The simplest thing to say about it is that its sound track contains perhaps the most ingratiating music ever recorded for a movie, most of it played on a tin whistle by a lame boy. The quality of the picture itself is not so easily stated; it is best approached by approximation. In Europe during the Hundred Years' War, bands of the homeless—thieves, beggars, tinkers, mountebanks—wandered from city to city offering their services and exercising their talents. They dressed themselves in a fantastic and witty caricature of respectability, and their behavior was of an agile insouciance that contrasted sharply with the objective misery of their condition.

The people of Alexandria, a native slum outside Johannesburg, do not wander but neither are they at home. They wear Europeanized clothes, set themselves up as grocers and moneylenders, sing songs that came to them over the white man's radio, and build houses out of the white man's scraps. Then, when a Donald Swanson comes along and sets them to acting out a story that could have happened, if indeed it did not, the result is not an aping of white mores but a richly ironic comment on the black-and-white situation. The villains are preposterous exaggerations of European symbols of success, and they are undone by innocence, cunning, and laughter.

No doubt western industrialization has broken the shape of African society, and no doubt the players in *The Magic Garden* represent a people stunned and demoralized by the missionaries of exploitation. But you have only to watch David Mnkwanazi drive a hard white bargain or Tommy Ramokgopa rise from an empty trash can to outface the westernized constables, you have only to listen as the whole company reclaims its music from Tin Pan Alley, to recognize that such people understand the force that has subdued them and that they bide their time. *Cry, the Beloved Country* states that the situation is deplorable; *The Magic Garden* replies that it is by no means hopeless.

The African Queen

Meanwhile, a thousand miles or more north in the Congo, Humphrey Bogart and Katharine Hepburn float down a jungle river to a malarial lake and blow a First World War German gunboat to kingdom come. *The African Queen* is clearly a good picture; Bogart in particular is a pleasure to watch because, as in *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre*, he has put aside his screen "personality" and consented once more to interpret a part. His disreputable Charlie Allnut, a roaring, dirty, drunken river pirate hiding the soul of a suburban clerk, is an entertaining if not entirely plausible or original creation.

The whole picture, in fact, is entertaining but not entirely plausible or original. Miss Hepburn's prim missionary is too patly competent in adversity, the love affair is too predictable and too successful, the river cataracts are too tempestuous, the Germans are too stupid, and the destruction of the gunboat is too unlikely and too inevitable. John Huston is an able, perceptive director and James Agee is a skilled and honorable writer; together they have brought a workmanlike adaptation of C. S. Forester's novel to the screen.

Why Bother?

But there is no reason for making such a picture except the reason that pictures must be made. So, however excellent the technique, however painstaking the execution, however well timed the laughs, the thrills, and the embraces, one's judgment in the end is "So what?" *The African Queen* is a good picture in the sense that it will amuse almost anyone and irritate almost no one, but when you compare it with what has been done in Johannesburg you find that, in the sense of having a source or a purpose or a place in the records of our time, it is no picture at all.

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To Moscow For a Cure

ALBERT PARRY

On Saturday evening, January 26, 1952, in the Kremlin Hospital, death came to Marshal Choi Bal-san, Premier of Outer Mongolia. On the following Monday morning *Pravda* devoted to this event fully two-thirds of its front page. A prominent place in the news story was occupied by a detailed "Medical Conclusion on the Illness and Cause of Death" of the Mongol puppet ruler. It was signed by Professor A. Yegorov, physician in chief of the Kremlin, five other professors and doctors of medicine, and one doctor's wife, who was described as a "candidate of medical sciences."

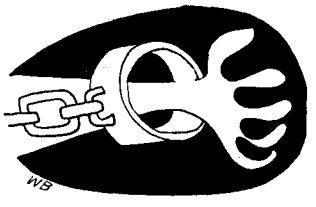
The "Medical Conclusion" was most explicit on the matter of the length of the late Marshal's illness ("a long time"), on the nature of the illness ("cancer of the left kidney"), on the character of the last operation, and, finally, on the inevitability of the sad result. The official Soviet afterword to the "Medical Conclusion" stressed the fact that following "a number of years of serious illness" it was the Marshal himself and the government of the Mongolian People's Republic who asked the Soviet government for medical aid. The Russian medical personnel attending the Marshal at Ulan Bator, his capital, were carefully listed, and his last journey to Moscow was described. The official Soviet account emphasized that the Marshal's wife as well as his acting Premier accompanied him on that trip, presumably of their free will. Finally it was made clear that the operation was decided upon and carried out "with the consent of the patient, his kin and his friends."

Chances are that the Marshal indeed died of the cancer of his left kidney, and that he and his kin and friends had in truth appealed for Soviet medical aid and had agreed to the trip to Moscow and the operation. The interesting thing here is the meticulous care with which the Kremlin felt it must set down the facts of the Marshal's illness, operation, and demise. So many strange things have happened in Moscow that even the natural death of a satellite chieftain requires detailed Soviet explanations.

This is not the first time that such lengthy communiqués have been issued by Moscow on the death of a puppet leader who was under Soviet medical care. When Georgi Dimitrov died in a Moscow sanatorium on July 2, 1949, similar assurances were given by the Kremlin to the world, but especially to the Bulgarians, that his death was natural and inevitable. Moreover, by that year's end, two Soviet Russian specialists, Professors Vorobyev and Zbarsky, completed the embalming of Dimitrov's body, repeating the process they had used years before to preserve Lenin's corpse. The reason for embalming Dimitrov was not alone to provide Bulgarians with a substitute for an Orthodox saint's shrine but also to prove to them that Dimitrov was indeed dead and not in Siberia.

Historical Precedents

Where much of the day's news is habitually suppressed or perverted by a government's choice, rumor and legend take over. Embalming and displaying Lenin's body might have been, at least in part, Stalin's shrewd precaution against the chance of a legend arising that Lenin did not really die in January, 1924; that Stalin had him arrested and hidden to usurp his place. Old Russia's history is full of just such legends of pretenders supplanting rulers who had been falsely announced dead.



In the 1770's, Emelyan Pugachev, an illiterate Cossack from the Don, mustered a great rebel army after declaring himself Emperor Peter III and explaining that he had miraculously escaped a dozen years earlier, in 1762, when Catherine the Great had announced him accidentally killed by a brother of one of her lovers. When Catherine's favorite grandson, Alexander I, died in 1825, the circumstances of his end were shrouded in so much confusion that there arose a folk rumor of many decades' duration that he wasn't actually dead but had voluntarily retired to west Siberia as a hermit.

Considering this tradition, it was no wonder that in April, 1945, Andrei A. Gromyko, then the Soviet ambassador in Washington, was instructed by his government to demand a view of President Roosevelt's body. Nor is it any surprise that to this day the Soviets have not officially acknowledged Hitler's death.

Where's Thorez?

One might think that with so much suspicion in the air about Moscow cures and fatal operations, the Soviet government would be reluctant to invite its satellite chieftains to its hospitals and sanatoria. And yet in December, 1950, when Palmiro Togliatti was recovering from a brain operation, Moscow took the risk of calling him to the Soviet Union for a post-operational visit with Russian doctors. The previous month had been marked by the dispatch of a special Soviet ambulance plane to Paris to fetch the paralysis-stricken Maurice Thorez.

Presently, throughout 1951, there were rumors in Paris of Thorez's death, which the Kremlin was concealing. On several occasions during the year, leaders of the French Communist Party gave assurances to their rank-and-filers that the chief was recovering and would soon return to France. But Thorez, if indeed he was alive, remained in Moscow. Instead, his second-in-command, Auguste Lecoeur, traveled to the Soviet capital to visit him and get instructions

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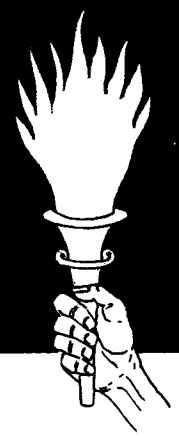
We who are free must light our own way



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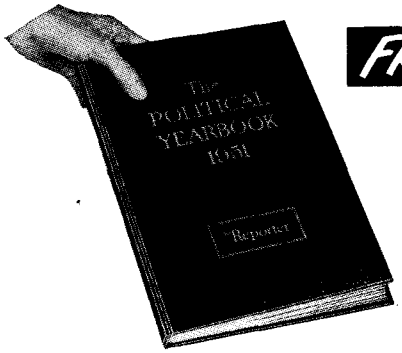

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for the party. Early in February, 1952, on his most recent return from such a trip, Comrade Lecoeur declared that not he alone but the entire Politburo of the French Communist Party would from then on journey periodically to Moscow to confer with Thorez, whose health still "required moral, material and medical conditions" present only in the U.S.S.R.

Precisely in these trips of Lecoeur and other French Communists "to confer" with Thorez we may find an explanation of the risk the Kremlin is willing to take in bringing sick satellite chieftains to Moscow. The risk of rumors of foul play—of imprisonment, maltreatment, and other dark doings—is more than offset by the advantage inherent in this practice of carrying foreign Red leaders to Moscow for a cure. The advantage is in compelling the healthy and ambitious subleaders, such as Lecoeur, to come to Moscow for instructions, ostensibly from the sick chief, actually from the Kremlin.

This method is effective particularly in cases where there may be a danger of a somewhat critical attitude among foreign Communists toward Moscow. The death of a Dimitrov or a Thorez may be hoped for by some Red compatriots back home as a chance to secure a more national, less Moscow-line leadership for their Communist Party. So it behooves the Kremlin to bring the sick man to its own territory, to make him half hostage, half mouthpiece, and so assure proper Red succession in his country.

Sometimes the illness of a leader is a perfect excuse for the Kremlin to bring him to Soviet soil as a check-in-time of any Titoist infection he may have developed. Dimitrov, for instance, was brought to Moscow for a cure at exactly the time he seemed to side with Marshal Tito in the matter of a Balkan federation to be formed outside the Soviet empire.

We may now logically surmise that Dimitrov stayed in his Moscow sickbed long enough to assure Traicho Kostov's doom and Vulko Chervenkov's ascension to power as Moscow's viceroy in Bulgaria. Thorez, during his present prolonged stay in Russian hospitals, may be playing a somewhat similar role of guaranteeing "proper" succession in the French Red leadership.

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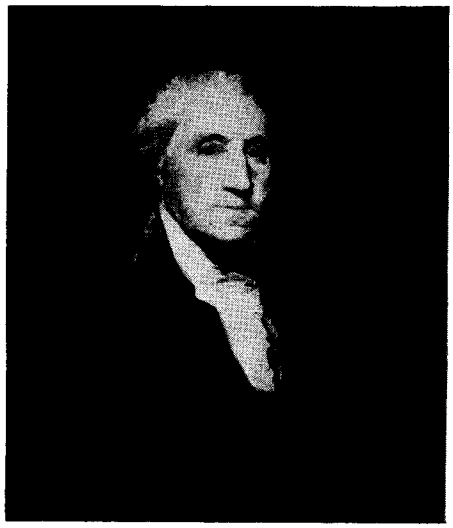
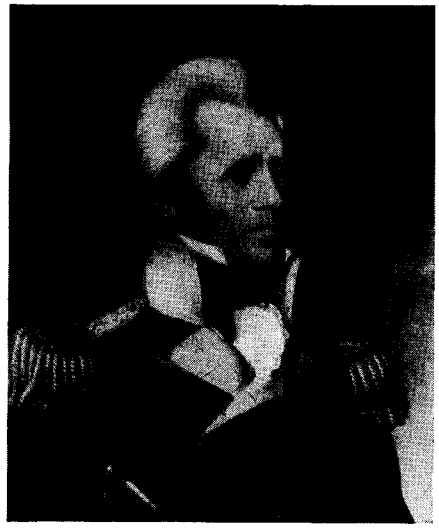
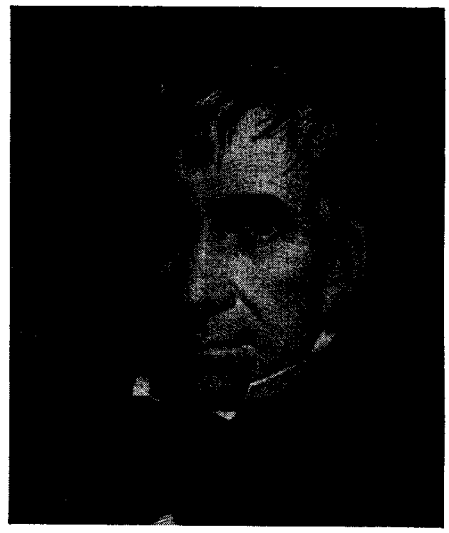
Soldiers in the political arena (see page 33)



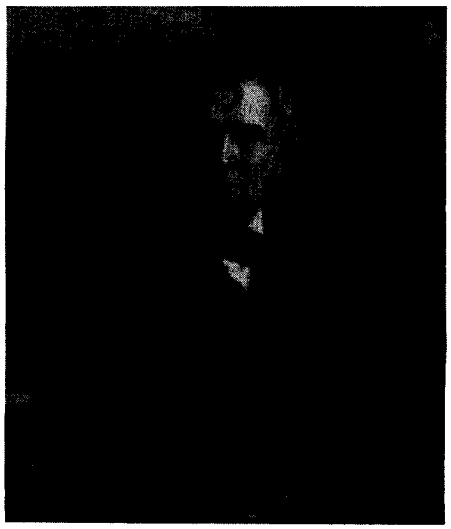
George Washington



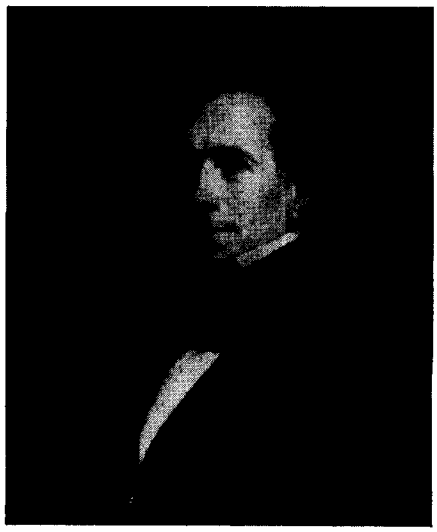
Andrew Jackson



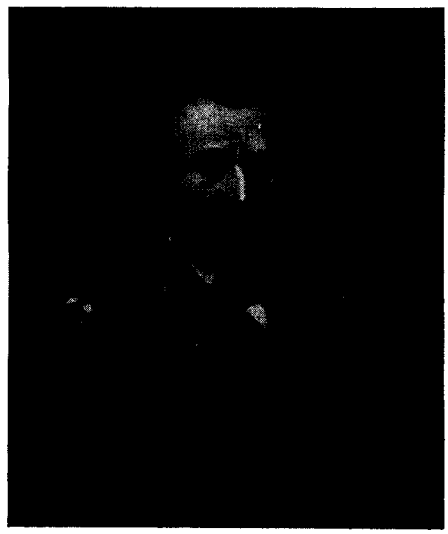
William Henry Harrison



Zachary Taylor



Franklin Pierce



Ulysses Grant

Winfield Scott

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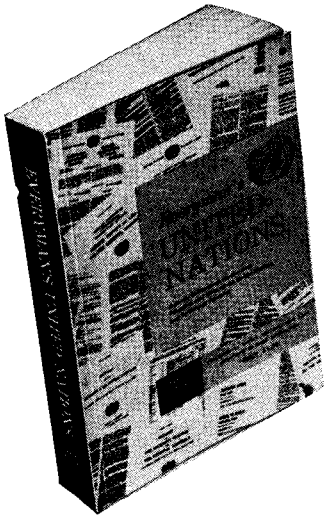

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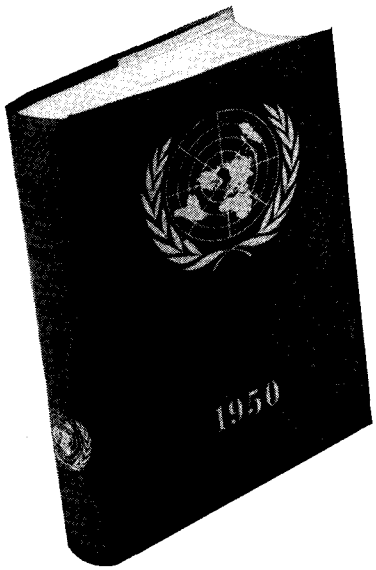

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